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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1357.—NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898.

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## REVIEWS.

## BYRON.

*The Works of Lord Byron.* A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition, with Illustrations. Poetry: Vol. I. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. (London: John Murray.)

IT is natural and becoming that an elaborate and probably final edition of Byron should proceed from the great publishing house of Murray.

"Strahan, Lintot, Tonson of the times,  
Patron and publisher of rhymes,  
To thee the bard up Pindus climbs,  
My Murray."

It is also touching and appropriate that the editing of Byron's poems should be entrusted to a grandson of Coleridge: a literary scholar, at home in the history of Byron's times, and himself a poet. Mr. Coleridge has, with special facilities, collated MSS. and editions, published fresh poems, written elucidatory notes, and, in short, provided an excellent *apparatus criticus*. This first volume contains the "Hours in Idleness," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and "The Waltz." Our congratulations to Mr. Murray and Mr. Coleridge: but though they have done well what they purposed to do, was it worth doing?

The Byron of tradition is a fascinating figure. He flashes through his brief life with a disastrous glory; he is passion incarnate; he is a noble, a man of ancient and illustrious descent, and he flings poems broadcast in a golden largesse; he is the Napoleon of passion and of poetry, adored, dreaded, reviled, extolled; he is an Apollo-Apollyon, beautiful and satanic; he is the spirit of revolt, freedom, unfettered manhood; like Browning's Ottima, he is "magnificent in sin"; he is Milton's ruined archangel, fallen from Heaven, and keeping something of his pristine splendour; he is the man of inevitable genius, who loves to be himself, and to mock into oblivion and contempt all

spurious and puling respectability; he is the Titan, the Prometheus, who filches fire from Heaven or from Hell; Europe is aghast at him, and he dies heroically at Missolonghi. And "Byronism" becomes a contagion: from Moscow to Madrid, whole armies of young men fall to drinking out of skulls, to writing cut-throat or indecent tragedies, to loving Alps and ruins and bandits and the East and the Middle Age and their neighbours' wives; he is a portent and an epoch; the Revolution was one mighty thing, and the existence of "Milor" Byron was another. "That pale face is my fate," said an unhappy girl, upon catching sight of Byron: "that pale face" possessed, obsessed all Europe. It lengthened the hair, and shortened the collar: it created "Byronism," and enriched all civilised tongues with the epithet "Byronic." A beautiful devil of supreme genius—that is the Byron of tradition. Supremacy in genius, vice, personality—they were all ascribed to the Byron of tradition. Infamous, perhaps: but, what a poet, what a man!

So much for the Byron of tradition. And the Byron of fact? "Well," said Mr. Stevenson's Attwater to Captain Davis, "you seem to me to be a very twopenny pirate!" And to me, Byron with all his pretensions and his fame seems a very twopenny poet and a farthing man. "He had the misfortune," writes Mr. Symonds, "to be well-born and ill-bred," a most deplorable combination. His letters alone reveal the man; a man of malignant dishonour and declamatory affectation, and poetising conceit; a man who could not even act upon Luther's advice and "sin boldly," but must needs advertise his silly obscenities. Despicable, that is the word for him; and it is no Philistine Puritanism that so speaks. The vulgar aristocrat, the insolent plebeian, that Byron was, looks ludicrous by the side of his great contemporaries. Wordsworth, so impassioned, awful, and august; Shelley and Keats; Lamb, the well-beloved, that tragic and smiling patient; miraculous Coleridge; Landor, with his gracious courtesy and Roman wrath; how does Byron show by these? He did one thing well; he rid the world of a cad—by dying as a soldier. There was a strain of greatness in the man, and it predominated at the last.

But Byron the poet? Emphatically, he was *not* a poet; not if Shakespeare and Milton are poets. He was a magnificent satirist; the "Vision of Judgment," "Don Juan," and "Beppo" are very glories of wit, indignation, rhetoric; accomplished to the uttermost, marvellous and immortal; filled with scathing laughter, rich with a prodigal profusion of audacious fancy and riot of rhyme. Here the man is himself, eloquent and vehement of speech, alive and afire. No coarseness, cruelty, insolence, can blind us to the enduring excellence of these writings, to their virility and strength. *This* Byron is deathless. But the Byron of love lyrics, and tragedies, and romantic tales, is a poet of infinite tediousness in execrable verse; in the severely courteous French phrase, he "does not permit himself to be read." And he is not read; no one now

reads "Lara," or "Parisina," or "The Corsair," or "The Giaour," or "The Bride of Abydos," or "The Siege of Corinth," or "The Island," or the weary, weary plays. They are dead, and past resurrection; their passion is as poor and tawdry a thing as that of *Frankenstein* or *The Mysteries of Udolpho*; their garish theatricality is laughable, and we can scarce believe that these things of nought were once preferred to the noble simplicities and rough, true music of Scott. Among the poems of farewell, regret, despair, is there one, except, may be, "When we two parted," that can be read with more than a mild and languid pleasure? In all the moralisings, and meanderings, and maunderings of "Childe Harold," is there anything better than a few bursts of sounding rhetoric and impressive declamation, superbly and masterfully trivial? Dullness is the word, dullness unspeakable. Outside his own royal province of satire, he created nothing of power, nothing but frantic efforts to be powerful; and he turned the lovely speech of English poetry into a hideous noise. Coleridge, master of music, says of him, "It seems, to my ear, that there is a sad want of harmony in Lord Byron's verses"; and again, "How lamentably the art of versification is neglected by most of the poets of the present day! By Lord Byron, as it strikes me, in particular." In our times, Mr. Swinburne, to whom none will deny a mastery of his craft, has poured upon Byron's inharmonies the contempt, not of parody—that were impossible—but of faithful imitation. Consider an average example of his rhythm from "Cain":—

"Oh, thou beautiful  
And unimaginable ether! and  
Ye multiplying masses of increased  
And still increasing lights! What are ye?  
What  
Is this blue wilderness of interminable  
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen  
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?  
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye  
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry  
Through an aerial universe of endless  
Expansion—at which my soul aches to think—  
Intoxicated with eternity?  
O God! O Gods! or whatso'er ye are!  
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful  
Your works, or accidents, or whatso'er  
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die  
(If that they die), or know ye in your might  
And knowledge! My thoughts are not in  
this hour  
Unworthy what I see, though my dust is.  
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer."

Musical, is it not? Let us try again; a passage from "Sardanapalus":

"Yon disk,  
To the star-read Chaldean, bears upon  
Its everlasting page the end of what  
Seemed everlasting! But oh! thou true sun,  
The burning oracle of all that live,  
As fountain of all life, and symbol of  
Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou  
limit  
Thy love unto calamity? Why not  
Unfold the rise of days more worthy thine  
All-glorious burst from ocean? Why not  
dart  
A beam of hope athwart the future years,  
As of wrath to its days! Hear me! oh, hear  
me!"

Such is Byron's "mighty line": this horrid dissonance, this gasping and croaking, is the breath of his fiery spirit expressing itself in poetry and passion. "Moore," said Sir Henry Taylor, "makes Byron as interesting as one whose nature was essentially ignoble can be." And "essentially ignoble" is the very term for Byron's verse; it lacks every fine quality—from the majesty of Milton to the polish of Pope. Many a poet whose matter is tedious and outworn can be read for the redeeming excellence of his manner; Byron is not of these.

But Byron was accepted abroad—he enfranchised English literature, he was the genius of English poetry incarnate before the eyes of Europe, he moved the aged Goethe and the youthful Hugo. Why? Surely for a simple reason: Byron is very easy to understand, he deals rhetorically with elemental emotions, and he enjoyed the fame of being "at war with society"—an aristocrat in exile, a champion of the peoples. Now, rhetoric and oratory and eloquence make a wide appeal; they are seldom subtle, but they address themselves with pungent and poignant vigour to the simple feelings of men. "Give me liberty or give me death!"—that is the kind of thing; a sonorous and impassioned commonplace, flung out upon the air to thrill the hearts of thousands. Byron's best verse has this quality: he possessed the imagination of the orator, the faculty of finding large and bold phrases. Stanza upon stanza of "Childe Harold" reads like the finest things in Irish or American oratory—grandiose and sweeping. "Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!" You can see the outstretched arm, hear the resonant voice, of Byron the declaimer; and the effect upon ears unversed in the niceties and delicacies of English poetry was prodigious. The blaring magniloquence of Lucan has certain attractions not possessed by the majestic, melancholy, subtle Virgilian lines; and Byron was much of a Lucan. "The Isles of Greece" and "Ode to Napoleon" and "Lines on Completing My Thirty-sixth Year"—emphatic, strenuous, impressive—have the true oratorical note and ring:

"The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glorious Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free."

There is a trumpet call in that; but for greatness of beauty we turn from it to the last chorus of Shelley's "Hellas," and hear a music of the morning stars. Byron could shout magnificently, laugh splendidly, thunder tumultuously; but he could not sing. There was something in him of Achilles, nothing whatever of Apollo. Think only of these mighty masters of passion—Æschylus, Lucræti, Dante, Milton, Hugo; what sweetness proceeding from what strength! They are filled with a lyrical loveliness, the very magic of music, the beauty almost unbearable. By the side of these Byron is but a brazen noise. His *saeva indignatio* becomes a mere petulance of arrogance when we think of Dante; one line of Milton rebukes his haste of speech. He took Europe by storm; but a far more

impassioned figure is that of Wordsworth, with his whole being, body and soul, shaken by the "divine madness" of inspiration, by converse with eternity, by commune with "the most ancient heavens." There was the true passion, not in Byron, hurriedly throwing off a few hundred lines of romantic rant after coming home from some silly dissipation. He has no trace of the poet consecrate, such as marks many a nameless balladist. Who would not rather have written "Helen of Kirkconnell," so fierce and loving, desolate and defiant, a cry imperishable and perfect, than all the famed rigmarole of rhetoric called "Childe Harold"? In that long and elaborate work there are precisely two lines of pure poetry, the lines on the Dying Gladiator:

"He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away."

That, and perhaps a score of other lines in Byron, have an enduring freshness and fragrance of thought and word. For the rest, he was pleased in poetry, as in life, to "cut a dash," with the result that both his verse and himself are sordidly discredited; things, as George Borrow has it, of "mouthings and coxcombs." Landor, in stately Latin, once exhorted him to amend his morals and his style. He did neither, and his style remained even more detestable than his morals. When Tennyson heard of Byron's death, he went out upon the seashore and wrote upon the sand the words, "Byron is dead!" Seas of oblivion have swept over Byron, and washed away his fame, as the sea washed away those words. It may be that his most celebrated passage will be remembered only by the scornful ridicule of Browning. The poets whom he insulted or patronised—Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Shelley and Keats—have long since taken their starry stations in altitudes beyond sight of him, and Byron, "The Claimant" of English poetry, has been found out. He retains but one glory—his gift of wit and satire, his superb recklessness of mocking phrase and rhyme. There, all that was potent and sincere in him became triumphant, and the writer of "Don Juan" is a deathless delight. But the "poet of passion" is dead. Peacock killed him long ago in *Nightmare Abbey*. His wailings and howlings wring no man's heart, stir no man's pulses; we no longer believe in the Byron of dazzling devilry and burning poetry, volcanic and voluptuous. In place of him we contemplate an ill-mannered and cross-grained fellow, charlatan and genius, whose voluminous writings are mostly dull and mostly ill-written—gone for ever, that Byron of the fatal fascination, the passionate and patrician glory, whose freaks and whimsies threw Europe into fits, whose poems revealed to the universe the fact that Shakespeare's England had at last produced a poet. If he could be resuscitated, Mr. Murray as publisher, and Mr. Coleridge as editor, are the men to accomplish that miracle. But, as Mr. Matthew Arnold loved to inform us, "miracles do not happen." Byron the wit is alive for evermore; Byron the poet of passion and imagination will never rise from the dead.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

## SOCRATES AS PLAYWRIGHT.—II.

*Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant.* By Bernard Shaw. In 2 vols. (Grant Richards.)

WE left Mr. Bernard Shaw at the end of our review last week standing, as it were, on tip-toe bidding good-bye to the subjects of his unpleasant plays, and coming frankly, and with some glee, to the writing of those others which, to quote him once more, "dealing less with the crimes of society and more with its romantic follies and with the struggles of individuals against those follies, may be called, by contrast, Pleasant." For an explanation of this change in the selection of his material he had also, it will be remembered, prepared the expectations of his readers, carefully promising that in a further preface he would expound his development in this matter, much as if he proposed to give a brilliantly witty answer to a conundrum of his own invention. When, however, one comes to read this pre-arranged preface, one finds that these promises are without any fulfilment of any kind. The document, indeed, is well worth reading; it contains the only passage we know in all Mr. Shaw's voluminous writings—and our knowledge of those writings is both extensive and peculiar—which can be called nobly and touchingly eloquent; a brief handling of the subject of modernity not unworthy of Pater himself; it contains the most ingenious attack possible on the actor-manager, though set in the guise of an elaborate defence; it contains some engrossing autobiographical details, and a triumphantly complacent assertion of the truth of the author's imaginative realism backed up by historical demonstration; it contains some exceedingly clever nonsense which is the expression of a pose with Mr. Shaw when he has the humour to refuse to give way to an almost overwhelming tendency towards passionate seriousness; but it contains not the shadow of an explanation why the playwright turned from the "crimes of society" to its "romantic follies" for the material of his drama. Whether the omission is an intentional one, or whether Mr. Shaw merely forgot his promise when he came to write his second preface, it does not in the least matter; for the true reason is perfectly clear to any reader who takes the trouble to think the matter out.

The fact is, that Mr. Shaw found, as he progressed from play to play, that an excessive tendency to be didactic, to play the lecturer, is the destruction of the playwright's art. He found that though he had a gospel to preach, and a very serious gospel too, the preaching of it with too great an insistence in his plays deprived him of a thousand delightful opportunities; and, accordingly, he did what any romantic writer of his artistic accomplishment and artistic need of expression would have done—he succumbed to his own brilliant art. He had too apostolically restrained his humour, his wit, his exquisite gift of quickness in dialogue, of sudden surprise in speech, and all for the sake of his indignation and his insatiable passion for reforming the world. He found that an



indulgence in all these tendencies for their own sake was exceedingly pleasant and stimulating, and he gave his fancy, with some qualms of conscience, a free hand. He did not at the same time consciously surrender any essential principle in his career as reformer; he soothed himself with a phrase, with that antithesis of the "crimes of society" against "its romantic follies." And having ingeniously contented himself with this form of words—was there ever such an idealist since the days of Socrates?—he set to work to enjoy himself thoroughly until he had drifted, as it were, through a fairy-land of unrealities, into the realms of absolute romance. The first fruits of this development showed themselves in "Arms and the Man," the last fruits (so far as we have them in print) in "You Never Can Tell."

"Arms and the Man" is described by its author as a Comedy, and it is as witty and interesting a work of its kind as could well be desired. Because Mr. Shaw has chosen to deal with the vanities and egotisms of a semi-civilisation, and because those vanities and egotisms are obviously due to a distorted understanding of self and of others, he is contented and happy in his conscience, seeing that his "mission" is still safeguarded. When, however, he claims that the perfect self-inspection of his characters whensoever the truth is pointed out to them is an essay in realism and not in a very amusing form of romance, he does not carry conviction. Take an example:

"BLUNTSCHLI: You said you'd only told two lies in your whole life. Dear young lady: isn't that rather a short allowance? I'm quite a straightforward man myself; but it wouldn't last me a whole morning."

RAINA [*staring haughtily at him*]: Do you know, sir, that you are insulting me?

BLUNTSCHLI: I can't help it. When you get into that noble attitude and speak in that thrilling voice, I admire you; but I find it impossible to believe a single word you say.

RAINA [*superbly*]: Captain Bluntschli!

BLUNTSCHLI [*unmoved*]: Yes?

RAINA [*coming a little towards him, as if she could not believe her senses*]: Do you mean what you said just now? Do you know what you said just now?

BLUNTSCHLI: I do.

RAINA [*gasping*]: I! I!!! [*She points to herself incredulously, meaning I, Raina Petkoff, tell lies!* He meets her gaze unflinchingly. She suddenly sits down beside him and adds with a complete change of manner from the heroic to the familiar] How did you find me out?"

Now that is exceedingly good, very amusing, and the antithetical point is worked out with strong and ingenious humour. But Mr. Shaw might write essays at the rate of three a week for the rest of his life to prove that this is not romance without convincing us. The conversion of Raina, who has posed all her life, and who has surrounded herself by habit and daily repetition with a thousand forms of self-deceit, into a woman of the clearest self-knowledge, the easiest straightforwardness and the quietest acceptance of her folly by the simple process of being called a liar, is a strain too great upon any credulity. No act of the despised heroism of the Adelphi Theatre could be more difficult, more impossible, than this psychological feat of Mr. Shaw's heroine. The Adelphi idealist insists upon it that the

miraculous achievement of his hero is the kind of thing men should aim at, just as Mr. Shaw insists that we should try and reach Raina's amazing self-knowledge upon general information. The pull on Mr. Shaw's side lies in his literary expertness, to use his own phrase, and in his keen instinct for theatrical points. As a theatrical point Raina's change of front is an example of the Comic Muse at her best; but it is not realism. The play, sparkling as it is, runs upon the pure conventional lines of modern fiction, ending—O, Socrates!—with a happy marriage, and a rather overdone insistence upon the hero's extraordinary, almost superhuman, business instincts and organising talents. Of course, it would not be good Dumas if we were deprived of such a passage; but Mr. Shaw, like everybody else, feels the necessity of convention. We quote one more exceedingly amusing passage, which, it will be noted, ends with a little bit of patriotic rant that should bring a typical audience to tears of joy. Bluntschli is suing Petkoff for Raina's hand:

"PETKOFF: We should be most happy. Bluntschli, if it were only a question of your position; but, hang it, you know, Raina is accustomed to a very comfortable establishment. Sergius keeps twenty horses."

BLUNTSCHLI: But what on earth is the use of twenty horses? Why, it's a circus!

CATHERINE [*severely*]: My daughter, sir, is accustomed to a first-rate stable.

RAINA: Hush, mother; you're making me ridiculous.

BLUNTSCHLI: Oh, well, if it comes to a question of an establishment, here goes! [*He darts impetuously to the table and seizes the papers in the blue envelope.*] How many horses did you say?

SERGIUS: Twenty, noble Switzer.

BLUNTSCHLI: I have two hundred horses. [*They are amazed.*] How many carriages?

SERGIUS: Three.

BLUNTSCHLI: I have seventy. . . . How many tablecloths have you?

SERGIUS: How the deuce do I know?

BLUNTSCHLI: Have your four thousand?

SERGIUS: No.

BLUNTSCHLI: I have. I have nine thousand six hundred pairs of sheets and blankets, with two thousand four hundred eider-down quilts. I have ten thousand knives and forks, and the same quantity of dessert spoons. I have six hundred servants. I have six palatial establishments, besides two livery stables, a tea-garden, and a private house. I have four medals for distinguished services; I have the rank of an officer and the standing of a gentleman; and, I have three native languages. Show me any man in Bulgaria that can offer as much!

PETKOFF [*with childish awe*]: Are you Emperor of Switzerland?

BLUNTSCHLI: My rank is the highest known in Switzerland: I am a free citizen."

In "Candida," the second of the "Pleasant" plays, we have what may be called Mr. Shaw's masterpiece in human drama, so far as he has yet given it to the world. "Candida" is not the most brilliant of his plays; the first half of "You Never Can Tell" deserves for that quality to rank highest; but in it he has chosen a most subtle, and, at the same time, a most pressing problem, not of society, not of crime and folly, but of sheer character and passion. For all practical purposes the

characters are three—Candida, her husband, the Rev. James Morell, and Eugene Marchbanks—and the play is the unerring development of these forces acting in concert and producing an inevitable resultant. Which is the weaker man? How shall the woman judge, and what shall be the reason of her decision? In these questions Mr. Shaw, with a wonderful tenderness, a full and quiet mastery of emotion, and profound psychological secrecy—any intelligent reader of the play will understand the phrase—finds a noble opportunity and rises to the height of his argument. The study of the clergyman is extraordinarily true and complete in its perfect understanding; a living Morell could say or think not a word more in his own favour or defence than Mr. Shaw has permitted him to say and think. The poet is as clever, if not so complete a picture, partly because Mr. Shaw deliberately leaves a side of the boy's character untouched, and partly because the poetical phraseology put into his mouth is, in the extreme development (particularly in the passage about the "tiny shallop" and the "marble floors," which reads like the old-fashioned description of an Alma-Tadema) not altogether convincing. Candida herself is not short of being a masterly piece of work, with her beautiful intelligence and sympathies not made impossible by exaggeration, but all the more attractive because Mr. Shaw subtly makes you aware of their human limitations, without once indicating the exact bounds of those limitations. The less essential characters, which are woven with great skill in and out of the piece, are used with unerring instinct. We make two quotations, indicating something of the moving forces in the drama:

"MORELL [*with noble tenderness*]: Eugene, listen to me. Some day, I hope and trust, you will be a happy man like me. [*Eugene chafes intolerantly, repudiating the worth of his happiness. Morell, deeply insulted, controls himself with fine forbearance, and continues steadily with great artistic beauty of delivery*] You will be married; and you will be working with all your might and valour to make every spot on earth as happy as your own home. You will be one of the makers of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; and—who knows?—you may be a pioneer and master builder where I am only a humble journeyman. . . . It should make you tremble . . . to think that the heavy burthen and great gift of a poet may be laid upon you."

MARCHBANKS [*Unimpressed and remorseless, his boyish crudity of assertion telling sharply against Morell's oratory*]: It does not make me tremble. It is the want of it in others that makes me tremble.

MORELL [*Retaining his force of style under the stimulus of his genuine feeling and Eugene's obduracy*]: Then help to kindle it in them—in me—not to extinguish it. In the future—when you are as happy as I am—I will be your true brother in the faith. I will help you to believe that God has given us a world that nothing but our own folly keeps from being a paradise. . . . There are so many things to make us doubt if once we let our understanding be troubled. Even at home, we sit as if in camp, encompassed by a hostile army of doubts. Will you play the traitor and let them in on me?

MARCHBANKS [*looking round him*]: Is it like this for her here always? A woman with a great soul, craving for reality, truth, freedom;

and being fed on metaphors, sermons, stale perorations, mere rhetoric. Do you think a woman's soul can live on your talent for preaching?"

And this, the beginning of the final scene:

"MORELL [*with proud humility*]: I have nothing to offer you but my strength for your defence, my honesty of purpose for your surety, my ability and industry for your livelihood, and my authority and position for your dignity. That is all it becomes a man to offer a woman."

(Doesn't he hit the rhetorical note, with feeling behind it, however, with marvellous acuteness?)

"CANDIDA [*quite quietly*]: And you, Eugene? What do you offer?"

MARCHBANKS: My weakness! My desolation! My heart's need!

CANDIDA: That's a good bid, Eugene. Now I know how to make my choice.

*She pauses and looks curiously from one to the other, as if weighing them. Morell, whose lofty confidence has changed into heartbreaking dread at Eugene's bid, loses all power of concealing his anxiety. Eugene, strung to the highest tension, does not move a muscle.*

MORELL [*in a suffocated voice—the appeal bursting from the depths of his anguish*]: Candida!

MARCHBANKS [*aside, in a flash of contempt*]: Coward!

CANDIDA [*significantly*]: I give myself to the weaker of the two.

*Eugene divines her meaning: his face whitens like steel in a furnace.*

MORELL [*bowing his head with the calm of collapse*]: I accept your sentence, Candida.

MARCHBANKS: Oh, I feel I'm lost. He cannot bear the burden.

MORELL [*incredulously, raising his head with prosaic abruptness*]: Do you mean me, Candida?"

And "the secret in the poet's heart," which neither Candida nor Morell knew—it was just your secret and mine, if we did but know it, and hers and Morell's if they had but known it.

We have said that "You never can Tell" represents Mr. Shaw in his most brilliant mood, and the first half of that play is, indeed, a most wonderful display of character-mongering of an extremely sparkling and incessant variety. The problem of the drama, one must perforce own, is not of very vast interest, and the complexity of the situations is not made coherent by the development of a single essential interest surrounded by, but not involved in, lesser interests, as is the case with "Candida." The effect is, that the play suffers in attractiveness when the dramatist's vitality and high spirits droop a little, a result which must at times inevitably occur. Nevertheless, Mr. Shaw, by a piece of sheer intellectual bravery and determination, succeeds in sustaining the interest upon a satisfactory, if not always on the same high level. The twins, Philip and Dolly, with their lightness (like the lightness of gnats), and their keen sense of life, are splendid; Mrs. Clandon and Gloria, in another line of work, are very well done; Valentine and Crampton are careful but not inspired work; and the waiter and Bohun are, for all the world, bad imitations of Dickens in a mood for the ready-made. We are sorry about the waiter, because it is impossible not to feel that Mr. Shaw has

a personal tenderness for him. But this kind of dead conventionality will not do, and there's an end of it. We quote a brief passage between the twins and Valentine, the dentist:

"PHILIP: We shall have to introduce him to the other member of the family: the Woman of the Twentieth Century—our sister Gloria!

DOLLY [*dithyrambically*]: Nature's masterpiece!

PHILIP: Learning's daughter!

DOLLY: Madeira's pride!

PHILIP: Beauty's paragon!

DOLLY [*suddenly descending to prose*]: Bosh! No complexion.

VALENTINE [*desperately*]: May I have a word?

PHILIP [*politely*]: Excuse us. Go ahead.

DOLLY [*very nicely*]: So sorry.

VALENTINE [*attempting to take them paternally*]: I really must give a hint to you young people—

DOLLY: Oh, come; I like that. How old are you?

PHILIP: Over thirty.

DOLLY: He's not.

PHILIP [*confidently*]: He is.

DOLLY [*emphatically*]: Twenty-seven.

PHILIP [*imperturbably*]: Thirty-three.

DOLLY: Stuff!

PHILIP [*to Valentine*]: I appeal to you, Mr. Valentine.

VALENTINE [*remonstrating*]: Well, really—[*resigning himself*]:—Thirty-one.

PHILIP [*to Dolly*]: You were wrong.

DOLLY: So were you.

PHILIP [*suddenly conscientious*]: We're forgetting our manners, Dolly."

We have done; save but to remark that "The Man of Destiny," rightly described by Mr. Shaw as a "trifle," was really too trifling to be included in these volumes. As a curious example, finally, in the matter of detail, of that fact upon which we have insisted that the destruction of one authority necessarily implies the setting up of another, Mr. Shaw never uses italics for emphasis, and eschews as far as he can the apostrophe and the hyphen. He would have us, instead, space out our letters, and write teatable and youd. *Le Roi est Mort, vive le Roi.*

#### A PLUNGE INTO REALITY.

*The Workers.* By Walter A. Wyckoff. (Heinemann.)

WHEN a learned professor, after years devoted to book-lore and theorising upon economic questions, determines to plunge penniless into the proletariat and find out for himself whether a man can earn a living with his two hands and his head, the record of his experience can scarcely fail to be interesting. *The Workers* (Heinemann) is an account of the first part of the wanderings through America of the author, Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, in search of honest employment from the time when he set forth in an old suit of clothes with a magazine under his arm to the time when he found himself at work in a logging camp in the Alleghanies. No such lurid encounters fell to his lot in the East as those which awaited him in Chicago and are now being serially described in an American monthly. But for

all that he saw enough of the grim realities of life to make a bookworm open his eyes.

He carried the magazine in order to gain access to the humbler classes by inviting subscriptions. The method was not invariably successful. While showing it to some village children he was noticed by the local carpenter.

"The old carpenter presently turned upon me with the air of one who was master of the situation.

'Would you like to sell some of them books around here?' he asked.

I told him that I should.

'Well, you're a stranger here, ain't you?'

'Yes.'

'Then don't you try it. A young fellow done this place out of more'n fifty dollars last spring, and we're kind o' careful of strangers now.'"

On the very first day of his journeying the professor realised the altered attitude of the world:

"There was no money in my pocket, and a most subtle and unmanly insecurity laid hold of me as a result of that. The world had curiously changed in its attitude, or rather I saw it at a new angle, and I felt the change most keenly in the bearing of people. My 'Good morning' was not infrequently met by a vacant stare, and if I stopped to ask the way, the conviction was forced upon me that, as a pack-peddler, I was a suspicious character, with no claim upon common consideration."

Nevertheless, in the Eastern States food and rough shelter were seldom wanting. Food is cheap and abundant, and an odd job such as sawing wood usually ensured a meal. Mr. Wyckoff's first regular job was among the gang engaged to demolish the old Academic building at West Point, and here he came into close touch with the unskilled labourer, whose toil lacks dignity and inspires no interest whatever in the heart of the toiler. After shovelling *débris* into a cart for several days he writes:

"From work like ours there seems to us to have been eliminated every element which constitutes the nobility of labour. We feel no personal pride in its progress, and no community of interest with our employer. He plainly shares this lack of unity of interest; for he takes for granted that we are dishonest men and that we will cheat him if we can; and so he watches us through every movement, and forces us to realise that not for an hour would he entrust his interests to our hands. There is for us in our work none of the joy of responsibility, none of the sense of achievement, only the dull monotony of grinding toil, with the longing for the signal to quit work, and for our wages at the end of the week."

Such work Mr. Wyckoff thinks could be rendered more interesting if the gang were paid in proportion to the speed with which they finished their job. His next experience—as a hotel porter—showed him that work is not toilsome in proportion to its severity:

"I worked for nine hours and a quarter at West Point, and had, at the end of the day's labour, if the weather had been good, eighty-five cents above actual living expenses. Here I have usually worked from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, at all manner of menial drudgery, and have gone to bed in the comfortable assurance that, in addition to food and shelter, I have earned twenty-six cents and a fraction. And yet, as a matter of choice, purely with reference to the conditions



under which the work is done, I should infinitely prefer a week of my present duties to a single day at such labour as that at West Point. The work here is specific, and it is mine, to be done as I best can. Responsibility and initiative and personal pride enter here, and render the eighteen hours of this work shorter than the nine hours of my last."

It is the dull monotony of the toil, which does not call forth the personality and gives no chance for individual excellence, that reduces the day-labourer to despair and finally renders him incapable of anything better. He is unconscious of the reason, and only feels the despair. But the fact was obvious enough to a man who entered their life with the trained faculty of self-analysis. Nevertheless the despair is now and again lit up by a sardonic humour. In a logging camp, where Mr. Wyckoff afterwards found himself, was a veteran—old Pete—who worked on in spite of the tortures of rheumatism.

"After the rain let up I happened to pass through the lobby as the men were starting for their work. Old Pete was the last to move. I watched him rising slowly to his feet. In spite of him, his face drew the picture of the hideous pain he bore; but through it shone the clear courage of a man, and his eyes reflected the grim humour of a thought that touched his native sense, and he smiled as he said: 'We don't have to work; we can starve.'"

Once only was the Professor drawn aside from his self-appointed task by the temptation to debauch; and then it was not a saloon that seduced him, but a public library. Arriving at Wilkesbarre on a Friday he should have at once begun looking for work. But he wandered into a public library where "perfect quiet reigned and comfortable chairs invited you to grateful ease, and shelves on shelves of books were free to your eager hand," and there he sat through the livelong day:

"Taking my hat and stick, I walked out into the gas-lit street, and into our modern world, with its artificialities and its social and labour problems; and I remember that I am a proletaire out of a job, and that, with shameless neglect of duty, I have been idling through priceless hours. Crestfallen, I hurry to my boarding-house, longing, like any conscience-stricken inebriate, to lose remorse in sleep."

Mr. Wyckoff carefully abstains, as a rule, from propounding theories. His object in setting forth on his expedition was, we suspect, the desire of learning to feel as well as to think. His purpose in writing his experiences is to record the feelings of a theorist when brought into contact with the world of facts. And this he has done with a simplicity which has interested us hugely. We shall eagerly await the account, which will doubtless occupy a second volume, of his adventures in the big cities.

#### SALMON - FISHING.

*The Salmon.* By the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy. "Fur, Feather, and Fin Series." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

A CERTAIN library in England contains 2,707 works on Angling. This Mr. Gathorne-

Hardy knows; yet he has written another volume quite cheerfully. In writing it he seems to have been conscious of a "call" akin to that which draws a Scots minister to a fresh parish and stipends new. All keen fishermen are at one time or another subject to this impulse. That partly explains why nearly every book about angling is bad literature. If every stone-mason described his emotions on the subject of architecture, the literature of that art would necessarily be deplorable as a whole. There is, however, another reason why books about angling are usually shocking. It is that, whilst the emotions which the sport produces are glorious, the inspiration towards pen and paper which succeeds is not one easily to be woven into artistic words. It is not, for example, like the inspiration of love. Love moves men variously, and women too; and thus even a badly written love-story, if actual feeling is reflected in it, has a certain touch of art. Fishing, as they would say in the navy, is a different pair of shoes. It is almost impossible to be original about fishing. Its inspiration is the same to all men. Therefore you begin your screed with a mention of the Gargantuan breakfast which preceded the labours of the day. Then the light that never was on sea or land, or anywhere else, must needs be vindicated while you gaze upon the river as the gillie is putting your rod up. If you hook a fish, he is, of course, either "a brute of a kelt" or a "foeman worthy of your steel."

There is, we grieve to say, a good deal of this eloquence in Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's book. Nevertheless, the work deserves a welcome. It adds not a little to one's knowledge of the sport. In particular, it chronicles for the first time some great "records" in salmon fishing. One of these is so remarkable that it deserves quotation. Mr. Naylor and two friends arrived on the Grimerstra River, in the island of Lewis, at the end of July, 1888. The stream where it joins the sea was only two inches deep, and the thousands of salmon waiting to run up could not cross the bar. Mr. Naylor and his friends dammed a lake near the source of the river, and when much water had been gathered broke down the dyke, setting free an artificial flood. The fish ran up and gave very fine sport indeed.

"Two days after we let down the water," Mr. Naylor wrote to Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, "I got thirty-one in the first loch, but for the next few days the weather was bright and calm, and not many fish were got by any of us; and on August 27, the rod which fished the first loch got thirty-six. Next day I got fifty-four. The rod on that beat the following day got forty-six, and the next day I had it I got forty-five. The total take of the three rods for the six last days of August was 333 salmon and seventy-one sea-trout. All the fish were fairly caught with fly. We might have killed many more if we had all fished in the first loch each day, but we did not care to break through the rules as to the division of the beats (under which the whole of the first loch formed part of number 1 beat), consequently only one of the three rods was among the fish each day, the other two not getting many.

The average weight of the fish caught in each of these exceptional large takes was 6 lbs.

The numbers and weights for the six days were as follows:

	Salmon	Weight	Sea-Trout	Weight
Naylor ... ..	143	856	31	23
Hansard ... ..	106	680	26	19
Probyn ... ..	84	490	14	10
	333	2,026	71	52

Mr. Naylor's individual take for nineteen days' fishing was [Mr. Gathorne-Hardy notes] 214 salmon weighing 1,307 lbs., and 304 sea-trout weighing 161 lbs. On his great day, August 28, he fished for nine hours, from 9.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. The largest number caught in an hour was ten, and the smallest two. When he left off there was still an hour and a half of daylight, and his gillies implored him to continue fishing. To use his own expression, he 'was tired of the slaughter,' and did not care to go on, although he has no doubt that he might have caught eight or ten more fish."

In respect to passages such as that, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's book is valuable. Otherwise it does not add much to the average fisherman's knowledge of the art. The writer touches upon a few of the subtler problems which suggest themselves on the riverside; but he is not convincing as to any of them. He thinks that salmon are colour-blind, and that, as regards flies, size and shape are the only considerations of importance. So thought Sir Herbert Maxwell until another expert suggested that, although to a man lying on the bed of a pool a fly on the surface might be of indifferent hue, by a salmon, the eyes of that creature being more accustomed to the position, it might be accurately beheld. Then, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy thinks that, because he once caught a salmon suffering from a wound quite recently inflicted, fish are not "keenly sensible to pain." That strikes us as very feeble philosophy. If Mr. Gathorne-Hardy were slightly wounded by a cab-horse, or by a bicycle, or by a reviewer, would not a natural instinct cause him to yearn for something nourishing, or stimulating, without delay?

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

*With Peary Near the Pole.* By Eivind Astrup. (Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

THIS is a most readable book. In a high degree it satisfies the modern man's craving to know about thinly scattered peoples who are still envied by nature, happy in their loves and outlandish mirth. Here, with Eivind Astrup, we literally hob-and-nob with the Inuits, or Esquimaux, who live on the unspeakable coasts of Northern Greenland. Mr. Astrup, a Norwegian, whose premature death two years ago is much to be lamented, accompanied Lieutenant Peary in the *Kite* in his expedition to North Greenland in 1891-2, and again in his second expedition in the *Falcon*. We soon forget how or why he went there, for Mr. Astrup seems

to have shared, rather than merely watched, the life of these bear-skinned and dog-skinned hunters. We learn their names and personal traits. They are so delightfully few, moreover—these northernmost Inuits—all told. Imagine two hundred and fifty people scattered along the coast in tiny groups between Ramsgate and Scarborough—the illustration is Mr. Astrup's—and you know their numbers and distribution. And yet the women's cackle travels by dog-sledge from one end of this greasy thread of humanity to the other. It is scraps of this personal gossip that make these pages so piquant. The chapters on hunting and sledge journeys are lively; but we have often heard how the Esquimaux loves his dogs, and crawls up to a seal on his belly. It is a newer thing to have the hunting stories of living Esquimaux, like sturdy Akpallia, who has recently changed his name to Nordinger, and young Kolotengua, his pupil, who won the grace of his "long selected mother-in-law" by the way he tackled his first ice-bear. It is a fresh experience to go walrus hunting with Mr. Koshu. How well we know Koshu, as he lives at this moment, with his broad, round face that "looks as if it had been cut in wood in a great hurry by a carpenter." But here is his portrait at full length:

"When very happy he would laugh so that the corners of his mouth stretched upwards to the back of his head, at the same time closing both his eyes; when in danger of life, however, never more than one was shut. Although a thief and a liar under certain pardonable circumstances, he was, nevertheless, a thoroughly splendid man. . . . Whenever there was any fun going on amongst us white men Koshu must join in, nor was he ever absent when we were ski-running down the hills behind the house. Consequently he came by degrees a hardened and comparatively skilful runner, but he never attained elegance. He was of the broad-gauge type, and had the habit of making the most frightful grimaces directly he got up a little speed. When the pace became greater, he closed one eye—a sure sign that he considered himself in serious danger."

Then we eat narwhal with that excellent couple Ingapaddu and Ituschaksui, and their six children—"the greatest number that has been known in one family in the memory of the tribe." We gently intrude on the retiring Panipka, and repay his hospitality by answering his questions about the white man's railways. Or we smile at the conceit of Kayegvitto, who, because he is the tallest of his tribe, imagines himself its chief. "Kayegvitto—well, he is mad," we hear the gossips say; and Ekva, the acknowledged wit, clinches the verdict with a jest, until Ituschaksui's voice is heard troling out "Tara-ra-boom-de-ay" on the four months' night. The book is a treasury of facts about this strange, moral, mirthful people.

*Lines from my Log-Books.* By Admiral the Right Hon. Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, Bart. (David Douglas.)

In its own line, this record of a sailor's reminiscences would be hard to beat. A spirit of incurable optimism runs through its pages and makes it delightful reading.

The Admiral saw service in many seas, and through many years, and fought in Syria and in the Crimea, and played havoc among the junks of the Chinese pirates. There are many touches in the book which bring home to the reader, in a very vivid way, the changes which time has made in the management of the navy. Take, as an instance, this incident which occurred during a visit to Ascension, in 1834:

"The biscuit, baked by a contractor at the Cape of Good Hope, had been long in store and positively swarmed with weevils and maggots. None was to be obtained to replace it, and, in order to make it eatable, the bread bags filled with this biscuit were dragged out into the great square; on each bag was placed a fresh caught fish, the maggots came out of the bread into the fish, and the fish was then thrown into the sea. A fresh fish then replaced the one thrown away, until at last nothing more came out of the biscuit, when it was pronounced fit for food and served out to the squadron."

On the same cruise the men were fed upon beef which had been boiled twenty-five years before. Even after it had been cooked it required to be grated with a nutmeg grater before being eaten. Admiral Hay's services at the Admiralty are well known to all who are interested in the welfare of the navy, and his recognition of the more generous appreciation of the force which now prevails throughout the country lends the warmth of a pleasant afterglow to the sunset of his days.

*A Tour Through the Famine Districts of India.* By F. H. S. Merewether.

MR. MEREWETHER travelled through India during the recent famine, contributing descriptive articles to an Indian paper. These he has incorporated in this present somewhat too bulky record of his journeys. For the work being frankly made up of one man's impressions, and not of ordered and official facts for reference, would have gained by greater brevity and, we may add, more art in the writing of it. Mr. Merewether writes in a style diffuse and almost boyish; but he really used his eyes, really amassed information; and if his book reminds one somewhat of the traditional Englishman's work on the Camel—well, it has the merits of its defects. Mr. Merewether's advice to the traveller who wishes to see the famous Taj at Agra concludes: "In this way you will carry away a mental photograph, which will remain ineffaceable upon the retina of the brain, as long as the mind retains its inner consciousness." From that kind of writing the transitions to something plain and pertinent are happily swift. Here is a good story to show the difficulty of obtaining the truth from a native by questioning. A Mahratta woman with a crowd of children was in destitution, and a certain collector, "a past master of colloquial Mahratta," wished to find out the whereabouts of her husband. The following dialogue took place:

"Collector: How long have you been on the works?"

Mahratta Lady: About two months, your honour.

Col.: Are you married?

M. L.: Yes, your highness.

Col.: Are these your children?

M. L.: Yes, lord protector of the poor.

Col.: Are you working with your husband?

M. L.: No, sahib.

Col.: Where is your husband, then?

M. L.: He is in Sholapur, your honour.

Col.: Why doesn't he come to work, then?

M. L.: He is in Sholapur, sahib.

Col.: Is he ill?

M. L.: No, your honour.

Col.: Can't he work?

M. L.: No, your mightiness, he is in Sholapur.

Col.: Can't he work.

M. L.: No, your mightiness, he is in Sholapur.

Col.: Well, where does he live?

M. L.: In Sholapur, lord protector of the poor.

Col.: Is he a weaver?

M. L.: Yes, and it pleases your honour.

Col.: Is he out of work?

M. L.: Alas! heaven-born one, yes.

Col.: Well, come now, my good woman, what is it you say—he isn't ill, is in Sholapur, can't work—what is really the matter with him?

M. L. (with a burst of tears and beating of the breast): Alas! lord protector of the poor, *murgya* (he is dead).

Col.: God bless me, why didn't you say so before? How long has he been dead?

M. L. (with another access of grief): Nearly three years, your honour."

The book is admirably, if sometimes unpleasantly, illustrated.

A HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND (Vol. IV.). — *Hexhamshire.* Part II. By John Crawford Hodgson. (Newcastle: Reid & Co.)

THE Northumberland County History Committee are in the way of making a great book—great meaning large in this connexion. Here is a huge quarto taken up with the parishes of Chollerton and Thockington, and the chapelry of Kirkheaton. If the whole county be treated in this ample manner the history is like to exceed all others of its kind in size. Yet we can scarcely wish it were less bulky, especially as no one is likely to read it through for mere pleasure, and a work intended for purposes of consultation cannot be too full. Among the items of general interest, perhaps the first place is due to the pedigrees of such county families as the Swinburnes of East and West Swinburne; it was Alan de Swinburne who, in 1274, purchased Great Heton, or Capheaton, the ancestral home of the bard of that ilk; the Riddles of Swinburne Castle, the Shaftos, Widdringtons, and so on. There are many interesting references to Lord Derwentwater's Rising, and a brief, but excellent, biography of John Patten, Curate of Allendale, its historian. Of historical contributions, the most important is the Rev. William Greenwell's able account of the battle of Hefenfelth, the supposed site of which is the subject of one of many fine illustrations. The notes to the various genealogies are literally packed with curious bits of information concerning old ways of life. Indeed, the book altogether is one full of meat for the historical novelist as well as for the antiquary and the local patriot.



# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE CROOK OF THE BOUGH.

By M<sup>rs</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> MURIEL DOWIE.

A new novel by the clever author of *Gallia* and *A Girl in the Karpathians*, the pages of which are cut—good omen. The story begins at an interesting point. Thus—"In a plain-looking room of a flat which formed an individual pigeon-hole in a great scarlet human dovecote off Victoria-street, a man was proposing to a girl." *The Crook of the Bough* is concerned mainly with the development of the character of an English girl and of a Turk—half attraction, half repulsion of Occident and Orient. From an italic note at the end, the reader gathers that *The Crook of the Bough* was begun at Sofia, Bulgaria, in 1895, and finished in London in 1897. (Methuen. 300 pp. 6s.)

#### THE DULL MISS ARCHINARD.

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK.

A study of the growing up and love affairs of two sisters, and of Peter Odd (was ever hero so named!), who falls in love with the "dull" Miss Archinard after he has proposed to her sister. The adjustment of matters is the story. (Heinemann. 296 pp. 6s.)

#### LITTLE MISS PRIM.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

Little Miss Prim has been engaged as a lady help by Mrs. Warley; and Mrs. Penistone thinks it a rash thing to introduce an unknown young woman into the midst of a growing-up family; and Mrs. W.'s family itself—three grown-up step-children and four small boys and girls of her own—becomes restive when the governess is really found and is about to arrive. Enter Miss Prim, polite, unassuming, freckled. She proceeds to twist the Warleys round her little finger; and in doing so finds a ring on her own. (F. V. White & Co. 296 pp. 6s.)

#### THE MAN OF THE FAMILY.

By F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

A clever story by the author of *The Education of Antonia*. It tells how Sebastian Le Roux, an artist who was never likely to earn a penny, circled round the heart of Barbara Dalyell, a School Board teacher, who had brought herself into notice by her plucky behaviour during a fire which had threatened her class-room. "Ah! forgive me," she says at last—they are looking at the river from Waterloo Bridge—"I have my work, and you have yours. Let us 'study to be quiet.'" (Macmillan. 223 pp. 6s.)

#### THE DARK WAY OF LOVE.

By CHARLES LE GOFFIC.

The Breton story, *Le Crucifié de Keralès*, done into English by Edith Wingate Rinder. A dark way indeed, for the book is full of black passions. If this is Brittany, forbend us from living among its rude and simple peasantry. (Constable & Co. 170 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### A DIFFICULT MATTER.

By M<sup>rs</sup> LOVETT-CAMERON.

"Sir Francis Deverell, of Deverell Chase, in the County of Southshire, sat motionless at his breakfast table, with his tea getting stone cold at his elbow, and his bacon and eggs untasted on the plate before him." Such is the time-honoured beginning. Naturally the trouble was a letter. The book is of the sensational-social order, worthy of the author of *In a Grass Country*. (John Long. 312 pp. 6s.)

#### CONVICT 99.

By MARIE AND ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Dedicated to Mr. A. C. Harmsworth for his "enthusiasm on behalf of those ground down beyond redemption under the iron rigour of a merciless convict system." We fancy that this exciting story ran its course in the *Daily Mail* as a *feuilleton*. Two new novels by the same authors are stated to be "in preparation." Enterprise indeed! (Grant Richards. 316 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE ADVENTURES OF A GOLDSMITH.

By M. H. BOURCHIER.

A brisk story of French intrigue and politics at the beginning of this century. Napoleon looms large therein, and that old friend of romancers, the Society of Jesus, is here in strength. The writer is the author of that clever work, *The C Major of Life*. (Elkin Mathews. 377 pp. 6s.)

#### THE STORY OF AN OCEAN TRAMP.

By CHARLES CLARK.

A thorough-going sea story, told in the first person by Jack Blunt, first mate of the *Iron Age*. Jack confesses he is six feet two, broad in proportion, and double-jointed; then he settles down to tell how the *Iron Age* went lumbering in her "Weary William style" down the Mediterranean and fell among the Riff pirates. The slow-going qualities of the vessel, and the excitability of her captain, Timothy Titus Toop, who is cursed with a liver, are a piquant sauce to the adventures related. (Downey & Co. 394 pp. 6s.)

#### PRISONERS OF THE SEA.

By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

A romance of the seventeenth century, concerned with the Huguenots. The story professes to determine the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask. "Thar ain't no bloomin' doubt of it" does not strike one as a seventeenth century exclamation. (Ward, Lock & Co. 478 pp. 6s.)

#### THE DATCHET DIAMONDS.

By RICHARD MARSH.

About lost diamonds. Of two rivals in love, one steals the Duchess of Datchet's diamonds; the other reads about the robbery, and half wishes he had done it, for he has bulled Eries and lost. The two men put up at the same hotel, and the thief's portmanteau is carried by mistake into the bedroom of his rival, who gloats over brooches, tiaras, and rings worth a quarter of a million. (Ward, Lock & Co. 302 pp. 6s.)

#### SELAH HARRISON.

By S. MACNAUGHTEN.

When Arthur Napier returned from the South Seas he told his father about Selah Harrison, the missionary, whom he had met out there.

"'He was a brave man,' said Arthur.

'He was a young scapegrace when I knew him,' said his father.

And together they told each other the story of Selah Harrison. But the story of the miniature Arthur never told."

Thus the prologue. (Richard Bentley & Son. 328 pp. 6s.)

#### SIR TRISTRAM.

By THOROLD ASHLEY.

A love-story, so much is plain. But we have no table of chapters, nor chapter titles, and not a page bears a heading more informing than "Sir Tristram." But we observe that Sir Tristram and his Hylda are in the usual attitude at the end of the book. (Ward, Lock & Co. 320 pp.)

#### THE PHILANTHROPIST.

By LUCY MAYNARD.

This story is a delineation of life in a large Orphan Asylum, the heroine, Penrose Frere, being a governess. The author has her own views of Asylum life, and satirical touches are not wanting. "I hope, children," said the Bishop impressively, "that you are all aware of the privileges you enjoy here. When I look round on all your happy faces, I think that the future of England is safe in your hands." Miss Maynard suggests that the Asylum orphans who have helped, in a marked manner, to make England are very few indeed. The story has a strong love interest by way of relief. (Methuen. 324 pp. 6s.)

#### JOHN MAVERELL.

By J. DUNCAN CRAIG.

A very long story of Provençal life, culminating with the days of the Commune and conflicts in the Franco-Prussian War. The book contains ninety-one chapters, and the ninety-first is appropriately entitled "Enfin." A feature of the story is its numerous foot-notes. (Elliot Stock. 360 pp. 6s.)

THE APE, THE IDIOT, AND  
OTHER PEOPLE.

By W. C. MORROW.

Fourteen strong short stories or sketches with such titles as "The Inmate of the Dungeon," "The Permanent Stiletto," "Over an Absinthe Bottle," "An Original Revenge," &c. The first story tells how a convict, a man-slayer not otherwise a criminal, had for years been subjected to terrible treatment in gaol for insubordination and threatening to kill the governor. He had been falsely accused of trying to obtain two rations of tobacco, and the name of "thief" utterly demoralised him. His case is at length inquired into; and the governor, dismissed, and convinced of his long error, gives his prisoner the opportunity of carrying out his threat of murder. (Grant Richards. 330 pp. 6s.)

## THE HERITAGE OF EVE.

By H. H. SPETTIGUE.

The Eve of this story is Tita Storck, the daughter of a German engineer, who came to Cornwall to develop a tin mine and study Shakespeare. The mine went to the bad, after an explosion; and Storck's Shakespearean studies resulted in little more than the bestowing on his four daughters the names Miranda, Bianca, Olivia, and Titania. Titania emerges quickly as the heroine, and like most modern heroines she begins to write. Her efforts in authorship, indeed, occupy many pages, and to literature succeeds philanthropy, and to philanthropy love. (Chatto & Windus. 372 pp. 6s.)

## SIREN.

By L. T. MEADE.

This is a society story with a strong flavouring of the Russian secret police, and a tragic ending for the heroine. (L. T. Meade. 296 pp. 6s.)

## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

By EMMA MARSHALL.

A pure love-story, and an old-fashioned. Pamela Somers sings "Yes, love can last," and is chidden for her sentimentality. Of course, it does last—despite obstacles. (Griffith, Farran & Co. 312 pp.)

## THE SEA OF LOVE.

By WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

Ten short stories, not all pleasant. The first is concerned with the love of a boy of twelve for an actress, to whom he indites a childish love-letter. The actress contemplates a hoax: she will disguise her thirty years, dress as a young girl, and receive her juvenile lover for the amusement of her fellow actors and actresses. But she thinks better of it. The second story is horrible: it tells how a widower sells his first wife's grave to raise the wedding expenses of his second marriage. (John Long. 126 pp.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Standard Bearer.* By S. R. CROCKETT.  
(Methuen.)

THE great mass who are not purists in art, and who like a quickly moving story with a dash of love-making and a dash of swashing blows and a dash of picturesque scenery, might find very much worse mental fodder than Mr. Crockett's easy-going romances provide. The present specimen, for all its name and a bloodthirsty beginning, does not contain a very large proportion of actual fighting. The "Standard Bearer," Quintin MacClellan, bears a spiritual banner, the blue banner that is the sign of the Cameronian hill-folk. He has become a minister in the Established Kirk after the Revolution, but leads the protest of a small minority against the Erastian domination of the State, and is consequently expelled from his living. But Quintin's troubles with the Presbytery really play a lesser part in the book than his love affairs. There are two women in his story. One is haughty Mary Gordon, whom Quintin saved from the persecuting dragoons when both were children, and who, long wooed in vain, becomes in the end his bride. The other is Jean Gemmell, languishing and consumptive, whom Quintin, out of pity rather than love, marries on her death-bed. More attractive than either of these maidens is Alexander-Jonita Gemmell, the Amazonian breaker of horses, vigorous of speech and true of heart. Alexander-

Jonita falls to the lot of Quintin's brother, Hob, and this is an episode from the wooing:

"Will you let me be your friend?" I said, impulsively taking her hand.

"I do not know," said Alexander-Jonita; "I will tell you in the morning. It is over-dark to-night to see your eyes."

"Can you not believe in me?" said I. "Have you ever heard that I thus offered friendship to any other maid in all the parish?"

"You might have offered it to twenty, and they taken it every one, for aught I care. But Alexander-Jonita Gemmell accepts no man's friendship till she has tried him as a fighter tries a sword."

"Then try me, Jonita! Try me and prove me?" I cried eagerly.

"I will," said she promptly. "Rise this instant from the place where you sit, look not upon me, touch me not, say neither good-e'en nor yet good-day, but take the straight road and the ready over the hill to the manse of Balmaghie."

The words were scarce out of her mouth when, with a leap so quick that the colliers had not even time to rise, I was over the dyke and striding across the moss and whinstone-crag towards the house by the water-side, where my brother's light had long been burning as he sat over his books.

I did not so much as look about me till I was on the heathery crest of the hill. Then for a single moment I stood looking back into the clear grey bath of night behind me, where the lass I loved was keeping her watch in the lonely sheepfold.

Yet I was pleased with myself too. For though my dismissal had been some deal swift and unexpected, I felt assured that I had not done by any means badly for myself.

At least I could call Alexander-Jonita my friend. And there was never a lad upon all the hills of heather that could do so much."

Mr. Crockett has not chosen a very ambitious theme in *The Standard Bearer* or handled it with very great elaboration. But the book is written easily and fluently, and there is a wholesome out-door tone about it. The thread of the story, too, is better kept than in some earlier writings, which have irritated us by their devious and episodic course.

*The Potentate.* By Frances Forbes Robertson.  
(Constable & Co.)

THE telling of this story of Everard Val Dernement (who is not the Potentate, but the Potentate's victim) would seem to be the result of a study of the style of George Meredith, and the open manner of Maeterlinck. Everard Val Dernement was a count, with features chiselled as a young Greek's, eyes with a wistful look in them, and flaxen curls that fell about his shoulders like any pretty maid's. But "where the bully thought to find a likely prey for jesting at, he must, on the contrary, have discovered a veritable wight for the breaking of bones." Such was Everard; and, "across the centuries the fragrance of the man's sweet life reaches us, and the story of his death, with his child-son's untimely knowledge of it, stand out among the countless tragedies that colour our chronicles of the Middle Ages." The Potentate is the Duke of Bresali; and this is the kind of place Bresali was, and the manner of its wit:

"In Bresali shapes were mostly crooked. The hearts of men seemed awry, however fair were their outward bodies, for an evil man governed, and evil governing, as the wise know, maketh the governed evil. 'The root of the matter is in the head,' quoth a wag, and spoke something of the truth, which perhaps dawned on the minds of his listeners—made their fingers itch to be at that head. Indeed, we read of one among them remarking, 'They grow too thick; at the falling of one up sprouts another, and who is to know it would not be even an uglier one?'"

Everard Val Dernement was a good man, therefore he was done to death by the wicked Duke, and his head was set to "decorate the city gate," where his youthful son discovered it. The mother of the young Everard implanted in the young heart of him, and cultivated there a deeply rooted desire for revenge; and on the night of his coming of age there came to him one whose "strange eyes seemed to peer at him from across the long years of his life, paralysing the consciousness of the present, and dragging him back into a real and living past." This gentleman with the "strange eyes" is one whom Everard had formerly seen, seen at the moment when he had discovered the bodiless and bloody head of his father on the city gate. He has come now to intimate to Everard that the opportunity for his revenge is at hand, may be seized that very night. The man who destroyed his father is on the point of betraying "five hot-headed youths" to the wicked



Duke. At a certain hour he will be alone, writing their names on a parchment, which parchment will reach the Duke the next morning, unless—

"Go on."  
 'Anyone entering his room—'  
 'Well?' persisted the boy.  
 'He is old.'  
 'But he betrays men for money.'  
 'And women,' said the stranger.  
 'Not women?'  
 'His hair is white.'  
 'Surely not women?' repeated Everard.  
 'And he is feeble.'  
 'Surely not women?'  
 'Women; and he betrayed your father.'  
 Everard turned pale, and clutched his dagger.  
 'I will kill him,' he said. . . . ."

And he did; and thereafter fled and fought in the wars of "the Emperor," was wounded and fell in love with a lovely, learned, and noble lady who is about to take the vows of a religious life. Business—the business of the story—takes them both to the court of the wicked Duke, who also falls in love with the lovely and learned, the about-to-be religious, lady; and there the crisis and *dénouement* arrive with a rebellion of the people. Such is the story of *The Potentate*, which has a weird semblance to the truth of life, without being actually true; but it has points of cleverness, and points of understanding.

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*King Circumstance.* By Edwin Pugh. (Heinemann.)

THE author of *A Street in Suburbia* and *A Man of Straw* is recognised as a promising writer; and if this volume of short stories carries him no further on his way, at least it tends to confirm the esteem in which he is widely held. It probably represents the occasional output of some few years, and in the case of one story, at least, we are able to apply the test of time. "The Martyrdom of the Mouse" the present writer lighted upon a long while ago; and the horror of the tale as it then curdled the blood was renewed upon the moment that we opened this volume. It has its faults; the boy victim, for instance, is too like a girl, and his piety is strong of the Methodist Sunday School; but the horrid chill of the damp barn where the three outcasts foregathered, and in contrast with it the lurid atmosphere of the story as one wretch tells it—the story of the gin-sodden years spent by him naked, sweating, in the coal-hole, feeding the demon of the furnace, of the interlude of sanity under the influence of the child and the child's mother, and the hideous, wanton crime that is the catastrophe—stamp an impression (experience proves) not soon to be effaced. Not that we are always in an atmosphere of horror. "The Undoing of Matty White," "Crazy Madge," "The Inevitable Thing," and "The First Stone" are an appeal for rebellious indignation; "The Watchmaker" and "Blind Peter"—neither of them in the first flight—move towards a tearful joy. Purely pathetic—and perhaps the most distinguished of these by blows—is "The Poor Idealist"; who dreams luxurious dreams of a world converted group by group to the Gospel of Love, while the blowsy waitress amuses the coffee-house customers by flooding his hat-brim with slops. "Bettles" is a clever study of the fighting cockney; and in "The Anterior Time" is exploited a new realm of romantic comedy—the Board-school playground. From this last we submit the following excerpt:

"My sister said, when I told her what had happened: 'Why don't yer 'ave little Nina?'"

Insensibly I found the idea gaining possession of me. . . .  
 That night I waited for her outside her door, and when she came out to get the supper-beer I accosted her.

She thought I was going to play some practical joke on her.  
 'If you touch me I'll go straight and tell yer mother,' she said. . . .  
 'I ain't a-goin' to touch you,' I said.  
 'Well, go away, then,' she exclaimed, shrinking against the wall and drawing up one leg.

I said no more, but handed her the letter I had originally prepared for Mary. I had scratched out 'Mary' and substituted 'Nina.' She took the letter, and ran away.

On the following day our engagement was formally announced.

But I was not happy. Nina was an awkward girl to love. It was impossible to kiss her without her consent, because she was so tall and stiff. If I put my arm round her waist, she invariably put it away, saying I made her hot. If I pressed her hand, she told me to mind her 'gathered finger.' She was an impossible girl altogether. So that I was not sorry when she discovered that she no longer loved me."

Two touches here—the gathered-up leg and the gathered finger—are evidence of a talent for observation. In his lighter vein, as in his moods of indignation and rebellion, Mr. Pugh is a realist of the best stamp: he makes no effort to take us out of our world of moderate quality into a shadow realm of excellence; but, on the other hand, he sees—and can show forth—the humour, the pathos, and the tenderness that abide in Things as they Are.

MR. G. W. CABLE IN LONDON.

AN INTERVIEW.

THE *British Weekly*, with characteristic promptitude, has interviewed Mr. G. W. Cable, who is at present staying with Mr. J. M. Barrie in Kensington. Mr. Cable is known to English readers as the writer of that masterpiece, *Old Creole Days*, published when he was thirty-five, and other stories of creole and negro life. This is Mr. Cable's first visit to London:

"Had you ever crossed the Atlantic before?" asked the interviewer.

"No," said Mr. Cable; "this is my first stay of any length in a foreign country. I ought not, however, to say foreign in speaking of England, for I find this country very homelike, and seem to be constantly meeting my own people. London is very charming—such a delightful confirmation of a lifetime of reading and pictorial illustration. The pictures seem to have come out of the books, although magnified to life-size."

"You propose, I think, to give some readings in England?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cable, "at the suggestion of English friends, I have come over at last, after many years of delay, during which I put off the idea. In America I have been in the habit of giving readings to public audiences. The old entertainment of elocutionary reading by professional elocutionists has long since quite gone out of fashion, but there is still a very strong interest in hearing and seeing authors render their own pages by word of mouth. That kind of entertainment is common all over the States from Maine to Mexico, where the population is not too sparse to maintain it."

"What passages from your books do you find most popular in America?"

"It is rather difficult to give an accurate reply to that question. My sustained novels seem to be all about equally favoured, but among my shorter stories 'Parson Jones' is perhaps the one which audiences most like to hear. Along with 'Parson Jones' I may mention 'The Story of Madame Delphine,' and the middle story in the trilogy of 'Bonaventure,' entitled 'Grand Point.' These are beyond doubt the most popular single passages. Then I choose pieces from two or three of my novels, always confining myself to one book or story, and reading passages selected for their literary and dramatic quality, but at the same time making the story plain to the hearers."

"Do you ever read a whole story at once?"

"Sometimes, as in the case of 'Grand Point' and 'Parson Jones' the latter is really almost a play."

"Do your audiences in America consist chiefly of the richer and more cultured classes?"

"There is a system of lyceums all over the country," said Mr. Cable. "These provide a series of entertainments lasting over the season, to which admission is by course-ticket. People of every social rank attend these entertainments, and the audiences are as varied as those of a theatre."

"And how about the creole songs, Mr. Cable?"

"Well, many years ago, when I discovered that these Folk-songs of the slaves of former Louisiana creoles had a great charm of their own, and were preserved by tradition only, I was induced to gather them and reduce them to notation. I found that others were so strongly interested in the songs that, without pretending to any musical authority or original charm of voice, I was tempted to sing one or two of them before public audiences. The first time I did so was in Boston, and since then I have rarely been allowed to

leave them out of my entertainment when the length of my literary programme left room for them."

"What of your present literary work, Mr. Cable? Shall you be making any progress with that in London?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Cable, "in fact, one thing that has brought me over besides my lifelong desire to see the mother country of our own great nation and the home of our language and literature, is the hope that by taking my days very quietly and in much retirement, I may carry on at a moderate pace my present literary work even here. So I have brought my knitting with me. It is a novel based upon my experience as a cavalry soldier in the American Civil War."

"Have you fixed on the name?"

"I never succeed in naming a story till I have finished it. I name it to myself a dozen times, but these names are mere scaffolding, and the real task and agony of getting the right name is one of the finishing touches. I have another story, by the way, in the hands of *Scribner's Magazine* which is now awaiting publication. It is called *The Entomologist*, and the scene is laid in New Orleans during the great epidemic of 1878."

Mr. Cable lived in New Orleans through that terrible time, and had many strange experiences in nursing the sick.

### THE OLD PUBLISHERS AND THE NEW.

"I AM interested in the announcement," writes Mr. Shorter in the *Illustrated London News*, "that Mr. Grant Richards is proposing to publish the five principal novels of Jane Austen in ten volumes, uniform with the Edinburgh Stevenson. *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons* are still the copyright of Messrs. Bentley, having been first published through the intervention of Mr. Austen Leigh, the novelist's nephew.

It is not too much to say that the Edinburgh Stevenson is an absolute ideal, which publishers may take to guide them when they are anxious to produce really handsome books. In this respect it is curious how, for the most part, the older firms of publishers have separated themselves from the younger men, so far as concerns the mechanical production of books. I do not think, indeed, that these younger publishers will ever make anything like the same amount of money that their elder brethren have secured. The town house and the country house and the carriage are not, so far as I have observed, the good fortune of any of the men who have entered the publishing business within the last dozen years or so. This does not alter the fact that the new publishers are producing books artistically, and that the old publishers have never shown much capacity for so doing. I doubt if any publisher nowadays could make the colossal profits of the older houses. These latter initiated great school-book projects, for which they paid, in many cases, a comparatively small sum, and out of which they have steadily drawn thousands from year to year. Some of them purchased novels for anything from fifty to five hundred pounds, and made five thousand out of the transaction. Sir Walter Besant and the Society of Authors, plus the literary agent, have made that kind of thing impossible, and one popular novelist, to my knowledge, proposes to obtain seven thousand pounds down from a publisher before a single copy of the writer's next book is sold.

None the less I must return to my main point, which is one of serious indictment of the older firms of publishers. Their business capacity, from the point of view of producing good books, has never been greater than it is to-day. In looking down the new lists of Longmans and Murray, of Smith & Elder, and of Bentley, I find that they still contain new works equal or superior to those of any of their rivals; but when I come to place these same books side by side with those of the newer and younger firms, from the point of view of paper, of binding, and of printing, I am bound to recognise that the books of the older firms are completely out of court. This new movement in good printing commenced, if I am not mistaken, with the Riverside Press, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and with the press of Messrs. R. and R. Clark, of Edinburgh, who are responsible for the bulk of the books issued by the Macmillans. Since then two or three firms have obtained distinction, notably Constables, of Edinburgh, and the Ballantyne Press, and both these firms really understand in a remarkable way that printing may still be a fine art among us.

As an example of what I mean, let me take the new Byron, issued by Mr. John Murray. Here is a book in which I am quite sure that expense was not considered, and in which the publisher would probably, had the taste been his, as readily have gone to one firm of printers as to another. The result is a distinctly ugly book, judged from the point of view of the bibliophile. I do not say that it will not sell just as well as if it had been produced under the careful guidance of Mr. Blaikie, of Constables, or after careful consultation with Mr. Arthur Humphreys, who has shown by his editions of *Marcus Aurelius* and *Epictetus* that he knows how a good book should be produced. The fact remains that the new Byron—whatever may be its merits as the final and complete issue of the poet's works—is a distinctly ugly book, that its type is comparatively poor and old-fashioned, that its headlines altogether lack the balance and taste which should be given to so important and so distinctive a book, and you may even see the type through the all-too-transparent paper. The large-paper edition, I may add, which lends itself peculiarly to the zeal of the enthusiast in these matters, provides a far less pleasing page than the smaller edition. As a matter of fact, until the recent revival of printing, there had been for well-nigh half a century a tremendous lack of artistic taste in the production of books. To contrast the Aldine poets as issued by Pickering with the Aldine poets issued by Bell & Son would seem to indicate retrogression indeed. Another and still older firm than Mr. Murray's I am tempted to indict in this connection. Messrs. Longmans, with perhaps the most magnificent catalogue of any firm of publishers in England, with many of the most famous writers in history, in theology, and in criticism, that our modern literature has seen, produce these authors in a manner altogether unworthy of the reputation of the books or of their publishers. You may buy Newman's *Apologia* uniform with a novel by Mr. Rider Haggard, and both of them bound in a way which the slightest examination of Messrs. Methuen's six-shilling novels should make quite impossible. Take Thackeray again. Until the new biographical edition, it is not too much to say that, with the exception of the first edition of *Esmond*, Messrs. Smith & Elder have never issued, during the forty and more years that they have published Thackeray's works, a single really well-printed and well-prepared volume of the great novelist, always excepting that fine edition of *Esmond* in three volumes, which was, I admit, a pretty book. Sometimes the binding was wrong, sometimes the paper, and sometimes the printing. The same criticism applies, until Mr. Oswald Craufurd recently took the books in hand, to Messrs. Chapman & Hall's various issues of the works of Carlyle and Dickens—ugly books, all of them, as a bibliophile views them."

### M. JULES VERNE AT HOME.

THE celebrity at home in the *World* this week is M. Jules Verne, in the Rue Charles-Dubois, Amiens. "It is doubtful," remarks the writer of this interesting interview, "whether, among the countless English admirers of M. Jules Verne, there are any of the many who pass through Amiens *en route* to Paris, or further on, who have the least notion that the windows of his residence 'give' upon the cutting between two tunnels through which the line from Calais and Boulogne runs into the station, and that if they looked up to the left they might very possibly see in the flesh the author who has delighted them with his tales of wonder.

M. Jules Verne's library, with his study leading out of it, is on the second floor of his house, and it is in these two rooms, both facing the railway, that he has the most to show his visitors. Not that there is much in the study itself, where M. Jules Verne has a bed placed so that he may rest during the intervals of work, with an electric bell and speaking tube at the side; while a rack of clay pipes and a box of cigars from Havana, named after one of his novels, testify to his partiality for tobacco—though, strangely enough, he only smokes in the summer. The place of honour in the library is accorded to a head of Hetzel, the publisher who has brought out all the books of which M. Jules Verne is the author; and the shelves contain many interesting volumes, among them being an Arabic translation of the journey to *The Centre of the Earth*. M. Jules Verne also has a good collection of Dickens's works, which, he assures you, never pall upon him, and he speaks with unfeigned admiration of that inimitable genius.



SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898.

No. 1357, New Series.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

THERE has been some talk of the effect of the War on publishing and bookselling. The effect has, so far, been unimportant. Certain publishing houses which export books to America have had orders postponed or cancelled. No doubt, too, some publishers have been discouraged from issuing books by a well-grounded fear that the American sales would be small. But the notion that during war-time neutral peoples read newspapers instead of books is discounted by a high authority in the book trade. This gentleman perfectly recollects that even the Franco-German War had no disastrous effect in diverting the public from books. The book-reading public is a definite and constant body, and is not much affected by the excitement of war news. War multiplies newspaper readers, but does not subtract from book readers, except in the belligerent countries. More newspapers are bought, but they are quickly thrown aside. The thousands of newspapers left in the London morning trains show this.

PUBLISHING would be quiet just now in any case, for the spring publishing season grows less active every year. Therefore, from the bookselling point of view, the present is a convenient time for a war to be in progress. If the war should seriously affect English books, it will be through the publishers rather than through the public. Our publishers are becoming more and more enamoured of, and dependent on, their "American sales," and therefore, if the war should hang on till the autumn, and then produce agitating events, the American market will be spoiled.

THE demand for books at Mudie's is not less than usual. Books on Cuba (few in number) are asked for. They include

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Cuba in War Time* and Mr. J. H. Bloomfield's *A Cuban Expedition*. The latter work was published some years ago, but is likely to be issued in a new edition. As a result of the war, maps and atlases are selling well. People want to know where Tampa is, and Matanzas.

WE observe that Sir Walter Besant confirms the foregoing views in some notes in the *Author*. Sir Walter's conviction is that the war excitement will not stop people reading books. Under its awakening influence the emotions will be stirred and will seek literary satisfaction. He reminds us that it was in the war-vexed years, 1793-1814, that Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Byron, Scott, Rogers, Landor, Shelley, Godwin, and many others rose in their might.

WHEREAS—continues Sir Walter:

"The most dead, dull, and dejected time in the whole history of English literature was that of the early Thirties—a period of profound peace. At one time, I believe in the autumn of 1832, there were hardly any books published at all. It was at that time, I believe, that the world finally rebelled against the rubbish that was forced upon the book clubs as fiction and poetry. The society novel fell never to be revived; the tales in verse fell; and the book clubs fell, to be revived, perhaps. They broke up, and their place has never since been filled up. I remark, again, that this was, after many years, a time of profound peace."

MR. ANSTEY has just finished a new humorous story about the length of *The Tinted Venus*. The scene is laid in London, and the tale bears the admirable title, *Love Among The Lions*.

THE professional critic is always with us, and if at times his judgments are apt to be hard-featured and lacking in spontaneity, the excuse must be that he is a professional critic, and consequently something of a critical machine. What the amateur critic lacks in judgment he gains in freshness, and he speaks from the heart rather than from the brain. So we make no apology for printing the following extract from a private letter on Mr. Le Gallienne's *Romance of Zion Chapel*, by an unprofessional critic, which has come into our hands.

"To me it is far away the truest thing he has written, and the most beautiful, allowing, of course, for all exaggerations and ultra-sentimentalism. All except the end—which to my mind is quite wrong in every way, and a vexatious blot upon a lovely book. But the subtle presentment of the mutual and inclusive love of the three, and its perfect possibility on the spiritual plane, spite of its impossibility on the earthly, is true, though so easily jeered at by the *Referee*. Then (the crowning wonder of the book) the long-drawn-out analysis of the effect of the successive stages of bereavement on a supersensitive nature came home to me as nothing of the kind has ever done. It must have been written from the heart, and its reality is the secret of its power. I felt like wanting to say to R. Le Gallienne, 'Thank you, thank you, for putting it into words.' By the by, why is it such a strange delight to have one's own experience translated thus by a stranger?"

THE Newdigate prize of £20 for an English poem has been won by Mr. John Buchan, Hulme Exhibitioner of Brasenose College. Mr. Buchan is already launched in authorship. His *Scholar Gypsies* was a very promising book. A more sustained effort is his story, "John Barnet of Barns," now running in *Chambers's Journal*. Mr. Buchan is a frequent contributor to the ACADEMY.

"NOTWITHSTANDING the enemies he has made," says the *New York Critic*, "M. Zola's *Paris* is said to have sold 125,000 copies." Why "notwithstanding"? The friends of an author rarely buy his books. This also is vanity.

THE same paper says it has begun to suffer from the war with Spain. A series of articles on "Authors at Home," by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, has had to be postponed. The fact is, the authors are not at home; they are en route for Cuba to find copy.

*To-Day*, which, under Mr. Barry Pain's energetic editorship, quite maintains its traditions of popularity and humour, has made a new departure in the issue of a supplement which will probably go down to posterity as the last portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Drawn by Mr. Forrest who in this instance has pushed his ingenious and effective convention to the furthest, it shows the old man—his face intent as of yore, but now ashen and sunken—huddled in his black coat on a Sunday afternoon in St. Swithin's Church, Bournemouth. Mrs. Gladstone kneels by his side, and beyond are the faces of other worshippers peering from the massed blacks. A curious picture! Looking upon it one feels at first something like dislike, then something like fascination. Besides his editorial duties, Mr. Barry Pain has found leisure to prepare three books for the press, all of which will be issued this year. They are *Wilma, and other Stories*, being studies of women; *The Tompkins Verses*, with a preface wherein Tompkins will have something to say about his method of spelling Cockney dialect; and *The Real History of Robin Hood*.

GAELIC redoubt! There will be a boom presently in Gaelic dictionaries. General Chapman, commanding the forces in Scotland, has been impressing upon militia sergeants in the North the desirability of becoming acquainted with Gaelic. At Inverness he offered to provide a Gaelic Dictionary for the use of the sergeants, and so stimulated their enthusiasm that a class is to be started forthwith for the study of the "Paradisaical" tongue.

THAT it should have fallen to the late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh to pen an appreciative monograph on David Hume is a curious illustration of the irony of fate. For it was Edinburgh University which declined the services of Hume as a teacher; and, moreover, the late Prof. Henry Calderwood, whose posthumous volume on Hume was published the other day, was reckoned,

and justly reckoned, as perhaps the most orthodox exponent of moral philosophy who has occupied a Scottish chair for the past half century. Prof. Calderwood, who was a Dissenter, was one of the leaders of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and in theology was regarded as belonging to the Evangelical school. He was much less narrow, however, than many of the clerics of that school, and it is significant of his breadth and of his charity that he was able to write sympathetically and appreciatively of the "infidel" and "arch-sceptic" of last century.

WE like the dedication in Brevet-Lieut.-Col. Alderson's *With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force*. It is the sort of dedication a soldier should pen:

"To my father, who taught me that which, during my nineteen years' soldiering, I have found of more value than anything I ever learnt—namely, to ride—this book is affectionately dedicated."

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS's lines on Omar Kháyyám, spoken by him at the Omar Club dinner last week, were as follows:

"Omar, when it was time for thee to die,  
Thou saidst to those around thee, Let me lie  
Where the North wind may scatter on my grave  
Roses; and now thou hast what thou didst crave,  
Since from the Northern shore the Northern blast  
Roses each year upon thy tomb hath cast.  
Thy more familiar comrades, who have sped  
Many a health to thee, send roses red.  
We are but guests unto the tavern brought,  
And have a flower the paler for that thought;  
Yet is our love so rich that roses white  
Shall fall empurpled on thy tomb to-night."

In the *Century* for May is a letter from Mrs. Arnold Toynbee, concerning her late husband's connexion with the famous road-making experiment at Oxford:

"It is, I believe, quite correct to say that he acted as foreman over the work of Ruskin's road-making; he told me so himself, but I cannot inform you whether he was foreman for the whole time or only for a part. He mentioned to me that it was very nice to be foreman, because he went, in consequence, every time to breakfast with Ruskin, when the workers were invited, and not only in turn, as the others did. He was appointed foreman, I believe, because he was scarcely strong enough to do much of the hard work himself, and also because he was always good at leading men. His own opinion about the road-making was that, though, of course, it was impossible not to smile at it, yet it was not a bad thing altogether. The idea was to do a piece of work that was useful to the working people living in houses near the bit of road, and a piece of work that was *not* being taken up by anyone else, either public or private; also that it might give the idea of athletes using their muscles for some useful purpose. Of course, the thing after a time became a joke."

UNDER the title of "A Record of Art, in 1898" three fully illustrated extra numbers of *The Studio* are being issued containing descriptive summaries of the work completed during the past twelve months in Great Britain and France. The first part is excellent in every way. The selection

has been made with more care than is usual with such publications, the printing is good, and the letterpress notes are to the point. Much of the work reproduced will necessarily be selected from what has been exhibited during the year, but many things will also be included which come direct from the artists' studios, and have not yet been submitted to public inspection. In this way a wider view of the art of the present day will be given than would be possible if the publication of only such examples as are to be found in one particular gallery were preferred.

MR. W. H. HUDSON, whose *Birds in London* is published this week, may claim to be the poet of the London sparrow as well as one of its keenest observers. He once contributed a long and pleasant apostrophe to a town sparrow to *Merry England*. The poem we refer to was in blank verse, and ran to about a hundred and fifty lines. We quote a few of these:

"Never a morning comes but I do bless thee,  
Thou brave and faithful sparrow, living link  
That binds us to the immemorial past;  
O blithe heart in a house so melancholy,  
And keeper for a thousand gloomy years  
Of many a gay tradition; heritor  
Of Nature's ancient cheerfulness, for thee  
'Tis ever Merry England! Never yet  
In thy companionship of centuries,  
With man in lurid London, didst regret  
Thy valiant choice;—yea, even from the time  
When all its low-roofed rooms were sweet  
With scents  
From summer fields, where shouting children  
plucked  
The floating lily from the reedy Fleet,  
Scaring away the timid water-hen."

THERE are some enterprises of which one heartily disapproves, however good a motive underlies them; and one of these is the attempt to rewrite the Bible. This week we have received an attempt to reform the Book of Job. Mr. Howard Swan is its author; and he prefixes a long explanation of his method to his version. We cannot attempt to summarise the qualifications which Mr. Swan thinks he has for re-translating *Job*; but one of them appears to be the "Inner Light" as understood by the Society of Friends. What we can do is to give short parallel passages from the Swan and the old version:

MR. HOWARD SWAN.

"Hast thou given the horse his might?  
Hast thou clothed his neck with the tossing mane?"

Hast thou made him leap like a locust? The glory of his snorting is terrible;

He paws the ground, and rejoices in all his strength; he paces forth to meet the armed soldiers.

He mocks at fear, and little is he dismayed; nor turns he back from the sword,

The flashing spear, or the javelin."

THE BIBLE.

"Hast thou given the horse strength?  
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield."

*Harper's Round Table*, the newest juvenile magazine, comes out in an improved form in its seventh number. The cover is more attractive, and the headings more decorative. Mr. Marriott-Watson's story, *The Adventurers*, reaches its ninth and tenth chapters.

THE quaintest of new journals is *The Eagle and the Serpent*, a little threepenny monthly "dedicated to the philosophy of Nietzsche, Emerson, Stirner, Thoreau, and Goethe." It is written in an assertive, dishevelled style, with maxims and declarations studded about it in capital letters. "Altruism—that is the Enemy" is its cry, and it waves the banner of Egoism from a window in Fleet-street. The following announcement will bear quoting:

"An apology is due to our patrons for our delay in saving the world. 'Slow but sure' is our motto in everything. Our intention is to publish *The Eagle and the Serpent* as a bi-monthly through the year 1898, as a monthly through 1899, as a weekly in 1900, as a daily in —. If the demand should justify the step, we would make the journal a monthly or weekly from the start. And we may here note that effectual demand spells 'cash,' or as our printer hath it, 'An ounce of cash is worth a ton of talk.' Barring the improbable, our second issue will appear March 15, but we trust that our readers will be prepared to allow two or three weeks' grace."

The April number of the *Eagle and the Serpent* has since appeared. In it we learn that the demand for salvation by Egoism has been "fairly encouraging." The *Eagle and the Serpent* will not embrace each other again until June.

THAT portly, utilitarian annual, the *Annual Register*, arrives once more in its customary dress, a dress that has altered little in the last one hundred and forty years. We suppose that few people remember that the *Annual Register* was originally planned, and largely written, by Edmund Burke. Its first number appeared in 1754. Burke was then a young politician, and there can be no doubt that his work on the *Register* enlarged his grasp of affairs.

MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN, the publishers of the excellent *Encyclopædia of Sport*, issue their May part within black borders, in respect to the memory of the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, who had edited the work from the first. An article by the late Earl on "Shooting" will appear in the June part of the *Encyclopædia*.

A GOSSIPY, critical account of American authorship of to-day appears in *The Windsor Magazine* from the pen of Mr. James Ramsay. This airy gentleman's article amounts to this:

1. Emerson, Hawthorn, and Thoreau are dead.

2. Mr. T. R. Aldrich is America's leading poet, but he will rhyme "morn" with "gone."

3. Mark Twain's work is grown old, and himself is in Europe.

4. The humour of "John Phoenix" ("This yer Smiley's yellor, one-eyed, banana-tailed cow," &c.) is also old, and too calm for these wakeful days.

5. Mr. Frank R. Stockton dispenses laughter



from Morristown. He is sixty years of age, and writes slowly, "waiting an hour for a word."

6. Mr. W. D. Howells leads in fiction. He now etches his books in New York instead of Boston. "His thick, solid, yet genial face is an appropriate mask from which a hive of Quakers and Abolitionists look out upon the world of to-day."

7. Mr. Francis Hopkinson Smith is a first-rate globe-trotting author; he is the worthiest representative of American curiosity.

8. Miss Mary Wilkins and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett are the kail-yard women of these States. Miss Wilkins's favourite book is *Les Misérables*; and the busier Miss Jewett gets, the more time she finds to read the Waverley novels.

9. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is the vindicator of the old South, and his *Marse Chan* made Henry Ward Beecher cry like a child.

10. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is in danger of founding a great school of American historical romance.

11. Emerson, Hawthorn, and Thoreau are dead."

THE Council of the Royal Irish Academy have appointed Mr. Edward J. Gwynn, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, to the office of Todd Professor of the Celtic Languages, for a period of three years.

THE Royal Academy does not contain many portraits of men of letters. Two come, however, from Mr. Herkomer's brush, a very lively portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and a presentment of Mr. Money Coutts, the poet. To the *Saturday Review* Mr. Money Coutts contributes the following lines, which he calls "The Inquest." Our contemporary, by the by, has lately taken to giving their poets large and displayed type:

"Not labour kills us; no, nor joy:

The incredulity and frown,

The interference and annoy,

The small attritions wear us down.

The little gnat-like buzzings shrill,

The hurdy-gurdies of the street,

The common curses of the will—

These wrap the cerements round our feet.

And more than all, the look askance

Of loving souls that cannot gauge

The numbing touch of circumstance,

The heavy toll of heritage.

It is not Death, but Life that slays:

The night less mountainously lies

Upon our lids, than foolish day's

Importunate futilities!"

A propos of Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the following excerpts have an historical, if not an artistic, interest. The *Times*, reviewing the Royal Academy exhibition, spoke thus of this portrait:

"Mr. Herkomer has not been quite so happy in his portraits as in his subject picture; but perhaps it is hardly his fault if that which ought to have been a masterpiece—the portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer, to be given to the nation by the subscribers—is very much the reverse. The story of this picture has been more than once told in these columns; a number of very eminent people subscribed for it; it is to be hung in the Tate Gallery during Mr. Spencer's lifetime, and is afterwards to pass to the National Portrait Gallery, as the permanent memorial of one of the great English philosophers of our time. But philosophers have

their peculiarities. According to the poet, none of them can 'abide the toothache patiently'; and if Shakespeare had known Mr. Herbert Spencer he would have added that one of them cannot abide the sight of a portrait painter. To get proper sittings from him was an impossibility; neither the wishes of illustrious admirers nor thoughts of posthumous fame nor any similar consideration had any effect whatever, and Mr. Herkomer, we believe, had to be content with a few moments at such casual intervals as the moods of the sitter might permit. No portrait so painted could be satisfactory, as the Hanging Committee seem to have thought when they put the picture where few people will notice it."

Which drew this explanation from Mr. Herbert Spencer:

"Your art critic has been misled by a rumour. Not reluctance to sit, nor impatience, caused the difficulty, but mere inability. Nearly the whole of last year, save an interval in the country and the few succeeding days in London, during which arrangements could not be made, my ill-health was such that maintenance of a fit attitude for the needful time was impracticable. At length, in despair, Mr. Herkomer came to me at Brighton (where he had another engagement) and took photographs of me on the sofa, and these, joined with a slight water-colour sketch made to recall the colours, served him for materials. Of course, more than any one else I regret that this had to be done."

MR. ASQUITH has been given a fine choice of criticisms on his address to the University Extension students. For example, the views expressed by the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Speaker* may be described as being, respectively, enthusiastic, sarcastic, and elastic. The *Spectator* says:

"The address on criticism delivered by Mr. Asquith to the University Extension students last Saturday was, from every point of view, an excellent piece of work. It was as clear in manner as it was sensible and sound in matter."

The *Saturday Review* says:

"Did Mr. Asquith really suppose that he had anything to say about Criticism that had not often been said far better than he could say it? And did he suppose that, by telling the students, in his peroration, that 'however much they did for the extension of the boundaries of knowledge, or for the widening of common enjoyment, there still lay before them that unknown world whose margin faded away in the distance for ever and ever—(loud cheers)'—he was making exposition of anything but the barrenness of his own mind and the commonness of his own style?"

The *Speaker* says:

"Mr. Asquith delivered a very pleasant and entertaining address at the Mansion House last Saturday afternoon on the subject of 'Criticism.' Although there might not be anything very novel in his views, they were undeniably sound, and were illustrated by many anecdotes drawn from the history of letters."

MR. SHAW is now answering his critics. The suggestion that he owes much to Ibsen and De Maupassant (some say one, some say the other) has drawn from him a long letter to the *Daily Chronicle*. In it he sketches the sanitary condition of St. Pancras and the war between America and Spain, then swiftly remarks: "If a dramatist living in a world like this has to go to books for his

ideas and his inspiration, he must be both blind and deaf. Most dramatists are." But the interesting part of the letter is Mr. Shaw's circumstantial account of the derivation of his most noteworthy "unpleasant" play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession." It was founded on a character in a French novel, the plot of which Miss Janet Achurch gave to Mr. Shaw in conversation, his comment at the time being: "Oh, I will work out the real truth about that mother some day." As for her daughter Vivie:

"In the following autumn I was the guest of a lady of very distinguished ability—one whose knowledge of English social types is as remarkable as her command of industrial and political questions. She suggested that I should put on the stage a real modern lady of the governing class—not the sort of thing that theatrical and critical authorities imagine such a lady to be. I did so, and the result was Miss Vivie Warren, who has laid the intellect of Mr. William Archer in ruins. . . . I never dreamt of Ibsen or De Maupassant, any more than a blacksmith shoeing a horse thinks of the blacksmith in the next county."

MEANWHILE Mr. Shaw receives full credit for inventing the forms *youd* and *theyd* for "you'd" and "they'd"; his elimination of the apostrophe being, however, little to the taste of some critics. Mr. Shaw defends the innovation in the *Glasgow Herald*. He says:

"It is admitted on all hands that the Scotch printers who have turned out the book (Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh) have done their work admirably; but no human printer could make a page of type look well if it were peppered in all directions with apostrophes and the ugly little gaps beneath the apostrophes. I am sorry to say that literary men never seem to think of the immense difference these details make in the appearance of a block of letterpress, in spite of the lessons of that great author and printer, William Morris, who thought nothing of re-writing a line solely to make it 'justify' prettily in print. If your reviewer will try the simple experiment of placing an open Bible, in which there are neither apostrophes nor inverted commas, besides his own review of my plays, which necessarily bristle with quotation marks, I think he will admit at once that my plan of never using an apostrophe when it can be avoided without ambiguity transfigures the pages instead of disfiguring them. He will, I feel confident, never again complain of *youd* because a customary ugliness has been wiped out of it. I have used the apostrophe in every case where its omission could even momentarily mislead the reader; for example, I have written *she'd* and *I'll* to distinguish them from *shed* and *Ill*. But I have made no provision for the people who cannot understand *dont* unless it is printed *don't*. If a man is as stupid as that, he should give up reading altogether."

Unfortunately for Mr. Shaw's device, it breaks down so often. Not only cannot he write *shed* and *Ill*, but *hell*, *shell*, *wed*, *well*, &c., are also impossible.

IN addition to the names which have already appeared as visitors at the Annual Booksellers' Dinner to-night (Saturday), we have to add those of Mr. William Archer; Mr. Joseph Conrad, author of *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *Tales of Unrest*; and Mr. H. C. Thomson, author of *The Chitral Campaign* and *The Outgoing Turk*.

## PURE FABLES.

## HOSTESS.

Unto the Mistress of great writing, they brought their newest poet. And she said: "I wish him well."

And upon a succession of honest fictionists she smiled.

And one followed who, to use his own word, "bought 'em all and read 'em all."

Then she looked splendid things.

## CRITICISM.

The small birds told the owl that he must not say "This will never do," again. "For," they added, "we are agreed that it is your business to stimulate with praise; to search out ambushed beauty; and to interpret to the advantage of the interpreted."

"You conduct your affairs with singular acumen," remarked the owl.

## WISDOM.

A man met a publisher on the top of a mountain. "Hello!" said the man, "what are you doing here?"

"Looking for new talent," answered the publisher.

"You are too high up," observed the man. "Better go down to the middle slope, and discriminate."

But the publisher said he thought he should remain where he was.

## PROLETARIY.

"The people are entirely soulless," quoth a poet.

"Yet if you and I do not in some way touch them we perish," quoth another.

## THE SEASONABLE LYRIST.

"One can think of nothing more delightful."

"Than what?"

"Than to have to be continually standing tip-toe upon little hills for a living."

T. W. H. C.

## THE COUNTRY OF KIDNAPPED.

STEVENSON was not an antiquary, and still less was he the painstaking minute geographer. He did not, after the agreeable fashion of certain novelists (so we are informed by the press) visit the scenes of his romances with the set purpose of collecting information on the spot. Now and then he made use of a tract of country which he knew like a book, as in the first half of *Catriona* and parts of *St. Ives*. But, speaking generally, he romanced with his landscapes. It would be hard to say where exactly lay Hermiston and the Cauldstane-alap; and the home of the Master of Ballantrae—Durrisdere, as he calls it—can have no connexion with the parish of that name at the head of Nithsdale, but has the whole south-west corner of Scotland for its possible neighbourhood. His landscape is always subtly correct in atmosphere, for to one who knows the places *St. Ives* smells strongly of the Lothians and the *Master* of Galloway; but it is the exactness of a countryside, and not of a village.

In his Highland chapters, where his knowledge was so much less extensive, one would expect to find more licence in romance. And in a sense this is true. The body of horse soldiers who so nearly headed off David and Alan in crossing the moor of Rannoch are something of a freak; how cavalry would cross the moor at all with any speed must seem doubtful to one who knows the peaty wilderness. Then I have never been quite able to believe in David's ride in *Catriona* from Alloa to Inverary in the short time granted him. Stevenson knew the Western Isles well from expeditions there with his father on lighthouse business, but in the preface to *Kidnapped* he confesses to an inaccuracy. But in most other points the correctness of the itinerary is marvellous. David Balfour's course through Mull, across the Sound into Morven, and then down Glen Tarbert to the Linnhe shore is a perfectly possible road. Thence he was set across the loch and landed on the point of land at the mouth of Loch Leven, which forms the north-western corner of Appin. Here began his troubles, for above him on the hillside was the wood of Lettermore where Alan was lying, and beside him ran the road where the Red Fox was to be shot. Now it is just in the Appin chapter that the details are most correct; the landscape is irreproachable, and tradition is ready to confirm the author's apparently random guesses.

Appin is a triangle of hilly land, one side guarded by precipitous mountains and the others by the sea. The hills towards the south break down in green woody slopes to the shore, but on the northern side, around Ballachulish and Lettermore, they rise in abrupt rocky brows, many of them above three thousand feet, till they meet the wilder peaks of Glencoe. It was the stronghold of the Stewarts, an excellent folk in their way, but a folk with an untoward partiality for the losing side in any contest. Their chief, Stewart of Ardshiel, was at Culloiden, and afterwards lay hid in a cave on this very hill of Lettermore till he could escape to France. Like all the great northern clans they bitterly hated the prosperous and Whiggish Campbells, and it did not mend matters that their lands were granted as a reward to their enemies. It is the fact of this undying hatred which Stevenson has seized upon and worked into drama. A poor people, hopeless alike in its loyalty and its hates, striving to match guile with guile—this is the motive of the tale. The sentiment runs strong in Alan's talk when he tells David that, "he has often observed that low-country bodies have nae proper appreciation of what is right and wrong." In *Catriona* we find Stewart, the Edinburgh writer, its mouth-piece; and the picture of the trial at Inveraray with the Duke, "the biggest Campbell o' them all cocked on the bench," and the "very macers crying 'Cruachan' (the Campbell watchword)," is what honest Stewarts confessed to themselves in the bitterness of their hearts.

The story of the Appin murder Stevenson first read in the printed account of the trial, but he seems to have visited the country

and explored it minutely. Otherwise it is hard to see how he got either his uncommon topographical accuracy or his character of Alan. Alan Breck, or Alan the Pock-marked, is a shadowy and uninteresting figure as he appears in the record of the trial, but in the tradition of the place he is a very real person with more than a hint of the Alan of the novel. An old man whom I questioned had often heard the story from his mother. Alan, he told me, was a "hero," using the word in the queer sense of the Scots Highlands to mean a good-hearted swashbuckling fellow. "He was a little wee man," he went on, "but very square; a great fighter, too, with the sword, and so brave that he would face a lion." But in one point tradition is at variance with fiction. The Alan of my informant's memory was an unscrupulous fellow, who did not stick at dark deeds, and who, to crown all, was a monstrous liar. Stevenson makes Alan swear by the Holy Iron that he never fired the shot; and David Balfour records his belief that it was a Cameron from Mamore across the loch who did it; but my informant was positive on the point. The shot was fired by Alan and by no other; and I am sorry to say that he concluded with a Highland version of Meg Dods's "What for no?" Still, in the main the Alan of tradition is the Alan of *Kidnapped*; and in many other points Stevenson is corroborated by local tales. He mentions, for example, that the Macrobs and Maccolls were the minor clans which shared Appin with the Stewarts. It is true enough, and any peculiarly black deed done in the place is still set down to the credit of those unfortunate gentlemen. After the utter defeat of the Campbells at Inverlochy by Montrose and the Camerons, a body of the Lorne men fled down the loch, stole a boat in Mamore, and crossed to Appin. Wearied with travel they lay down to sleep on the shore, and the people of the place came down and annihilated them. But the Stewarts disclaimed any share; it was, of course, the Macrobs and Maccolls. Again, we are told that when David and Alan came to the house of James of the Glens, at Duror, they found his people engaged in carrying the arms from the thatch and burying them in the moss. The incident was probably invented by the author as a likely occurrence at the "House of Fear," for it is a detail which tradition has left unrecorded. But the farmer at Duror, while engaged, a year ago, in ploughing and reclaiming part of the moss, found a large store of swords and pistols. Such a fact makes one agree with Aristotle: art has a deeper truth than even the variegated history of tradition.

The scene of the murder is a little to the west of Ballachulish Pier, some two hundred yards up on the hillside. The place is marked by a cairn, and is close to the old shore-road which wound through the wood of birches. Just above it there is a considerable cliff and a mass of undergrowth where the man who did the deed might very well lie hid. The face of the hill is of the roughest, and it is not hard to believe that two active men, well versed in hillcraft, could baffle a detachment of His Majesty's troops. A little to the east in the same



wood there is another spot of a more painful interest for the superstitious folk in the neighbourhood. James of the Glens was not hanged at Inveraray, as has been supposed, but here, close to the scene of the crime of which he was innocent, and not six miles from his own house of Duror. There are plain marks of a gibbet on the ground, and the story goes that the grass has never grown in the tracks since that day. His body was left there in chains as a warning to malcontent Stewarts; and when it would have fallen to pieces, soldiers came from Fort William and fixed the bones together with wire. So there it hung for weeks—a ghastly spectacle—till one day a crazy beggar came past. He heard the noise of the thing swinging in the wind, and, moved by some daftness or other, caught at it, pulled it down, and flung it far into the loch. So this was the end of the Appin tragedy, save in so far as it lives in tradition and a great romance.

JOHN BUCHAN.

## THE WEEK.

THE past week has been prolific of nothing save novels. An attractive book in appearance and subject is *Birds in London*, by Mr. W. H. Hudson, F.Z.S. It contains sixteen chapters, and is evidently packed with facts and observations. Several of the districts of London are treated separately; the question of the protection of birds in the London parks is considered; and in his final chapter Mr. Hudson makes suggestions as to the species which may be introduced into London with fair prospects of success. The general aim and scope of the work are set forth as follows (we quote from Mr. Hudson's Preface):

"As my aim has been to furnish an account of the London wild bird life of to-day, there was little help to be had from the writings of previous observers. These mostly deal with the central parks, and are interesting now, mainly, as showing the changes that have taken place. At the end of the volume a list will be found of the papers and books on the subject which are known to me. This list will strike many readers as an exceedingly meagre one, when it is remembered that London has always been a home of ornithologists—that from the days of Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote pleasantly of the Temple Gardens' rookery, and of Thomas Pennant and his friend Daines Barrington, there have never been wanting observers of the wild bird life within our gates. The fact remains that, with the exception of a few incidental passages to be found in various ornithological works, nothing was expressly written about the birds of London until James Jennings's *Ornithologia* saw the light a little over seventy years ago. Jennings's work was a poem, probably the worst ever written in the English language; but as he inserted copious notes, fortunately in prose, embodying his own observations on the bird life of East and South-East London, the book has a very considerable interest for us to-day. Nothing more of importance appeared until the late Shirley Hibberd's lively paper on 'London Birds' in 1865. From that date onward the subject has attracted an increasing attention, and at present we have a number of London or park naturalists, as they might be

called, who view the resident London species as adapted to an urban life, and who chronicle their observations in the *Field*, *Nature*, *Zoologist*, *Nature Notes*, and other natural history journals, and in the newspapers and magazines."

Mr. Hudson's book is admirably printed and illustrated.

In the preface to Mr. Alexander Sutherland's *The Origin and Growth of the Moral Instinct*, the author tells us that this work has engaged him more or less closely for eleven years. The scope and intentions of these two large volumes will be best suggested by Mr. Sutherland's "Finis" paragraph, which is as follows:

"Though we have in this book traced from its humble origin the growth of our conception of right and wrong; though we have found it to be entirely relative to ourselves, our needs, and our capacities; though we have seen it to be in every respect earth-born, we are nevertheless not in the least degree precluded from utilising the ideas thus derived to help us in framing for ourselves our worthiest symbolic conception of the universe. All our other ideas are so derived, all are equally unreal as the statement of ultimate fact, all equally real as being our best attainable symbols for things we know to be really existent. Thus are we justified in projecting out from us into starry space our best conceptions of moral beauty, and seeing them there as enduring principles with an objective existence. In that fitting dream which we call our life—in that long presentment of appearances, rarely felt to be only appearances, because so seldom capable of being tested, and never capable of being set alongside of the truth—among all the phantasms which the healthy mind frankly accepts as facts, because of the invisible facts which they symbolise, we must number not only our concepts of matter and of consciousness, but those of goodness and of wickedness as actually existent verities. So when our mood of sceptic sorrow is passed away because phenomena are not realities, we return to the hearty, practical, common-sense view of mankind; true, moreover, as far as aught we know is true; and we assert as unconditional principles our canons of the right and of the wrong as Goethe did.

'In name of him, who still, though often named,

Remains in essence, ever unproclaimed.'

Right and wrong dwell out in the everlasting heavens, even as beauty dwells in a graceful woman, as coolness dwells in the clear spring water, as glorious colour dwells in the tropic sunset, as vastness dwells in the ocean—things not so in themselves, but ever and inherently so to our natures."

*The Golfing Pilgrim on Many Links* is Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson's latest contribution to the literature of games. It is a book of breezy small-talk, reminiscences, and golf stories.

Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye's *A Northern Highway of the Tear* is a sequel to his *Ice-bound on Kolguev*. The author describes his travels in Northern Russia in the "fifth season" of the year, recognised in that quarter of the globe and called Rasputnya, an uncertain and impracticable season, when it freezes and thaws by turns, and "ice-charged rivers are dangerous for boats, and all the land is morass and swamp." The book is dedicated, by permission, to the Emperor of Russia.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### PENNY NOVELETTES.

THEY are many; but the demand is chiefly met by—

*The Family Herald Supplement.*  
*The Princess's Novelette.*  
*The Duchess Novelette.*  
*The Illustrated Fireside Library.*  
*The Family Novelist.*  
*The Home Novelette.*  
*The "My Queen" Library.*  
*The Heartsease Library.*  
*Horner's Penny Stories, &c., &c.*

Nursemaids never lack the reading they like; for their taste is defined and understood, and a penny is all the loss if the editor has made a mistake. But the editor seldom does that. All he need do is to keep up his stock of MSS. The available plots number about half a dozen, all told; and the end is the important thing. It is good fun to look at the openings and endings of novelettes. Here are a few beginnings and endings from this week's crop:

#### Beginning:

"Oh! Fanny, I had rather die than go into this company," exclaimed the fair young creature, suddenly sweeping her head of luxuriant golden curls away from the manipulating care of the tender-hearted sewing-maid, and burying her face in her warm, throbbing hands.

"Nay—nay, Miss Agnes, do not give way so. It will be worse for you; and then—then—you will see—it will soon be over—all this fuss and show."

Well, well, if the truth be told, I can't see what has come over your uncle, and—"

"What has come over him, Fanny? Why, wealth! Wealth that should not belong to him—wealth worked hard for by my poor, dead, murdered father. Nay, nay, Fanny!" and she shook her head sadly, yet emphatically—"I know it, for I feel it—and who did it? Ay, Fanny, wealth has come, and come gloriously, over St. Clair Arlington—wealth that should be mine."

#### Ending:

Then ensued a wondrous solemn scene. The awe-inspiring ceremony was over, and Clavis Warne and Dora Howe were united at last.

"At last—at last! Kiss me, Clavis—my husband."

Then her head went down slowly upon his shoulder, the dark masses falling upon his bosom.

A moment, and the physician said, in a voice that sounded preternaturally solemn—

"DEAD!"

A holy silence settled in the death-chamber.

The air was fanned by the sweep of angels' wings.

Eighteen months from the night of that death-bed wedding scene, there was another marriage—a very quiet one—at the mansion. Agnes and Clavis were at last united in holy wedlock.

That is how perambulators are upset in Kensington Gardens.

But such stories must be alternated with stories more idyllic: the garden must smile, and the blue waves flash, and love's young dream be dreamed again. Here is the sort of thing:

#### Beginning:

It was the time of roses, and Ileen Thornhi

looked like a rose herself as she flitted about the sunny garden, which was filled with roses, for the old admiral loved warmth and colour, and now, as he looked around from his place in the verandah, he could not but feel that he had gained a peaceful harbour for the ending of his days.

Very lovely was Ileen, the child of his old age, exquisitely graceful, fascinating, with the luxuriant dark hair and deep-set grey eyes of her mother's nation, and all the true Irish vivacity sparkling in her expressive face. Yet as he looked at her he sighed, and some subtle sympathy between them made her look up with her radiant smile.

"Hullo, who comes here?" he cried, as a shadow darkened the path, and a tall figure emerged from the sunny side of the house. "Why, Horace, have you come to tell us the news? Is Lou to be a duchess?"

*Ending:*

There was a very quiet wedding, just as soon as things could be arranged. The beautiful bride wore her trim travelling dress, and Bunchy barked himself hoarse on the occasion.

Tom and his wife live at the cottage. Horace has written a book which became the rage, and—well, Bunchy did get a scolding the other day, when he woke up Master Thomas Caltern number two by jumping into the elaborate cot to have a private inspection of that young gentleman who, he thought, absorbed far too much of his beloved master and mistress's attention. After that gentle admonition, the little dog took the intruder under his protection, and now there is not a hitch in the domestic relationships at the Hall.

The young doctor starting in practice is as great a favourite among heroes as the governess going out for the first time is among heroines.

*Beginning:*

"Well, this is a kind of neighbourhood where they evidently require neither doctor nor undertaker, that's evident," mused a handsome young medico, as he gave a yawn and threw himself on a shiny leather sofa, waiting in readiness for a patient and a modest fee.

"Let me see," he went on meditatively, "five weeks have flown since I set up my gorgeous red lamp, thinking it would bring no end of interesting cases; but even babies don't seem inclined to make their *début* in this queer place. I wouldn't care for myself, but there's the dear old mater that makes me anxious."

*Ending:*

In the following spring Muriel and Basil became man and wife, he having promised his father to give up his profession and live at Hemlock Towers, where peace and happiness reigned supreme, and the patter of little feet and the music of children's voices made Lord Hanbury forget that he once had bought tinsel for gold in marrying an abandoned woman.

Love on shipboard, and after, is a mine that nothing exhausts.

*Beginning:*

The passenger ship *Meteor*, from Delagoa to Southampton, was already three days on her way, and the weather was all that could be desired, even by the most faint-hearted of fair-weather sailors; but there were unusually few passengers.

Maurice Murchison strolled up the deck to where Miss Hurst stood alone, watching the sunset.

"I have just been talking to the captain," he remarked, as he came up to her. "He has been telling me what an uncommonly dull lot of passengers we are; he accounts for it partly

by the fact that you and I are the only two on the right side of forty, 'barring the children,' as he says."

Miss Hurst laughed a little.

*Ending:*

Surely this was no reality, but a vision belonging to that dream that had haunted her, waking and sleeping, for the last three months—a dream, she had told herself so often, it was worse than folly to encourage; but was it not all that was left to her now that—

The vision became clearer, and a voice that was no dream broke the stillness with a glad, triumphant ring.

"Kathleen!"

"Maurice!"

These stories are innocent, though hardly wholesome. They meet the demand for nonsense and sensibility.

## ART.

### THE HUNDRED BEST ACADEMY PICTURES.

It is the easy thing to refer to the Academy exhibition with a sneer. Nor can anyone deny the occasion that is given. No country can produce a thousand good oil-paintings in a year; and that is the number the Academy consents to hang. The profusion is said to be a concession to the artist, who, one would suppose, has almost an author's vanity to see his name in print, in the catalogue; and who prefers, we are assured, to be skied rather than to be unhung. Lord Leighton made a gallant attempt to bring down that sky-line, and to hang fewer pictures; but already whatever he effected by way of reform has been allowed to lapse. The whole system, therefore, under which pictures are selected and hung at Burlington House clamours for revision; and revision, no doubt, will come to it before much time passes. A list of associates that includes such names as Shannon and La Thangue, Clausen and Stanhope Forbes, Bramley and Swan, Harry Bates and Frampton, is big with hope of all sorts for English art, and for the conditions under which it is to be developed.

Meanwhile the visitor may do his own selecting, if he cannot do his own hanging. A pleasant task, too, it is, for he can make—the names already cited are in themselves a proof of the assertion—a delightful Academy of his own. Moreover, after a little experience, he can do this without any great fatigue of eye or loss of spirits. He learns how not to see. With him rests the rejection that the selecting committee shirked; and he can train himself to the task almost by instinct. The good things rise and signal to his sight, even as the bad things recede and are blotted out. Though art has its own laws, tests, and standards, it leaves something to the decision of the individual taste. Indeed, within fixed bounds, there is enough liberty of preference to make it certain that no two men will choose exactly the same best hundred pictures out of so large a collection as is this; no, nor perhaps the same man, on two different days. Nevertheless, the following

list, though to that extent a tentative one, may serve as a time-saving guide to such pictures as any House Beautiful would make welcome to its walls. Strong preferences, such as those for Mr. Sargent's portraits, and especially his portrait of Mr. Wertheimer, and for Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Mountains and Hills" among landscapes, remain unexpressed in such a list; for the order is not that of mastery, but merely, for convenience, that of the numbering of the catalogue.

29. Nightfall. H. H. La Thangue, A.
37. The White Mouse. J. J. Shannon, A.
42. Near the Keepers. Alfred Parsons, A.
43. Gone Away! G. P. Jacob-Hood.
46. Mrs. Kenneth Foster. Solomon J. Solomon, A.
63. Francis Cranmer Penrose, Esq., President, R.I.B.A. John S. Sargent, R.A.
69. Mrs. Harold Wilson. John S. Sargent, R.A.
107. Portrait of the Painter. Frank Bramley, A.
109. In Realms of Fancy. S. Melton Fisher.
114. Kathleen, Daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice Mathew. J. J. Shannon, A.
123. Bracken. H. H. La Thangue, A.
138. King Lear. Edwin A. Abbey, A.
149. A Shaft of Light. Edward G. Hobley.
152. October. Stanhope A. Forbes, A.
155. Ebb Tide. Bertram Priestman.
196. A Waterway. Arnesby Brown.
200. Portrait of a Lady. Richard Jack.
205. Mrs. Herbert Cohen. J. J. Shannon, A.
211. Ariadne. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.
212. A Pageant of Spring. George Wetherbee.
218. The Golden Horn. Frank Brangwyn.
232. A Placid Stream. George Wetherbee.
250. Johannes Wolff, Esq. John S. Sargent, R.A.
272. Portrait of a Lady. John S. Sargent, R.A.
276. Harbour Lights: Lowestoft. Fred. G. Cotman.
288. Miss Sybil Waller. Maurice Greiffenhagen.
303. On the Morrow of Talavera: Soldiers of the 43rd Bringing in the Dead." Lady Butler.
308. Labourers. Arnesby Brown.
310. Love Triumphant. G. F. Watts, R.A.
311. La Bénédiction de la Mer: à Étapes. T. Austen Brown.
317. Moonrise at Twilight. Julius Olsson.
325. Mrs. Pattison. W. G. Orchardson, R.A.
330. The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Peel. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.
331. Fortune and the Boy. John M. Swan, A.
351. Circe. Richard Jack.



345. Miss Muriel Lubbock. Henry S. Tuke.
352. Mrs. Courtenay Bodley. Léon F. J. Bonnat.
356. A Broken Solitude. John M. Swan, A.
365. The Letter. Stanhope A. Forbes, A.
375. The Children of L. Breitmeyer, Esq. T. C. Gotch.
413. Mountains and Hill. Adrian Stokes.
415. The Pierrots. Walter W. Russell.
417. Evening. Montague Crick.
475. The Story. Frank Brangwyn.
484. The Countess of Warwick. Carolus Duran.
487. Evening. Owen B. Morgan.
493. Mme. Georges Feydeau and Her Children. Carolus Duran.
503. The Godmother. George Hitchcock.
504. Returning Home at Evening Arthur H. Buckland.
511. The Awakening. T. C. Gotch.
519. And Hop-o'-My-Thumb Guided His Brothers Safely Through the Wood. Elizabeth Forbes.
522. A Cousin from Town. Walter Langley.
529. Wreckage. By C. Napier Hemy, A.
551. Miss Madge Graham. Frank Bramley, A.
552. The Harrow. George Clausen, A.
594. Glimpse of the Lake of Como. Horace van Ruith.
597. Mrs. Noel Guinness and Her Little Daughter. Walter Osborne.
598. A Grey Day: Old Amsterdam. James Maris.
603. Asher Wertheimer, Esq. John S. Sargent, R.A.
607. Sea Frolic. Julius Olsson.
608. Harvesters at Supper. H. H. La Thangue, A.
609. Sir Thomas Sutherland, G.C.M.G., M.P., Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. John S. Sargent, R.A.
610. Falling Showers. Julius Olsson.
616. The Promise of March. George Hitchcock.
621. An Idyll of the Sea. H. S. Tuke.
628. A Westminster Priest. George S. Watson.
664. A Water Frolic. Arnesby Brown.
688. Grazing. Bertram Priestman.
721. The Widow. Dudley Hardy.
740. The Little Violinist. Edward Stott.
776. The Fold. Edward Stott.
777. On the Hills. Arthur Wardle.
800. The Market. Dudley Hardy.
823. Glory of Sunset Gold. Cecil Round.
840. Ploughing. E. Beatrice Bland.
854. Suburban Spring. A. S. Hartick.
858. Life in Connemara: a Market Day. Walter Osborne.
859. In the Gloaming. James V. Jelley.
887. A Humble Home. Percy C. Bovill.
890. Consulting an Expert. Emanuel H. Horwitz.
902. Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart. (Presentation Portrait). J. H. Lorimer.
966. The Rt. Hon. Lord Watson (Painted for Members of the Legal Profession in Scotland). John S. Sargent, R.A.
909. Changing Pastures: Holland. Gaylord S. Truesdell.
915. Work Oxen Returning to Pasture: Populonia. Arthur Lemon.
916. Sisters: "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." A. Chevallier Tayler.
929. A Sussex Cider-Press. H. H. La Thangue, A.
930. Opulent Autumn. Alfred East.
936. Mrs. Wertheimer. John S. Sargent, R.A.
951. Mrs. William Fane. T. B. Kennington.
959. A Coming Squall. Thomas Somerscales.
960. A Wide Pasture. J. Aumonier.
969. Mrs. Sims. Charles Sims.
975. Miss Nellie Coates. Percy W. Gibbs.
976. The Making of England. J. Langton Barnard.
983. Reflections. William M. Palin.
990. A Dalesman's Clipping: Westmorland. Frank Bramley, A.
995. The War News. Dionisio B. Verdaquer.
1002. The Haven. J. Langton Barnard.
1004. Sir Thomas Roe (Presentation Portrait). J. J. Shannon, A.
1186. A Cloudy Day. Leopold Rivers. (Water-colour.)

## DRAMA.

THE new Lyceum drama to which Messrs. H. D. Traill and R. S. Hichens have put their names bears strong evidence of having originated with the younger of the collaborators. It treats largely of Mr. Hichens's favourite theme—the occult—in which, so far as I am aware, Mr. Traill has not hitherto dabbled, and this, one may suppose, is the element that has commended the piece to Sir Henry Irving, who first made his mark in "The Bells." Like "The Bells," "The Medicine Man" is concerned with hypnotism. The science is not particularly exact in either piece. In "The Bells" it is absurdly wrong, though, to be sure, the mesmerist is there represented merely as a figure in a nightmare. The authors of "The Medicine Man" could, without difficulty, have brought hypnotism up to date by placing it upon a basis of "suggestion." They have preferred to put forward the popular and erroneous view that a mere exercise of "will power" on the part

of the operator is sufficient to influence the patient. Dramatically the point is immaterial, though it would be unwise just at present for Sir Henry Irving to talk of the value of the stage as an educational agent. This is Mr. Hichens's first attempt at dramatic work; Mr. Traill is understood to have written a piece as long ago as the early sixties—the unreformed period of the drama. Virtually, however, this may be regarded as a play of purely literary origin—the work of literary men in contradistinction to dramatists; and it possesses the characteristics that one would look for from such a source. The dialogue is tersely and forcibly written with an agreeable *souçon* of humour, and the character-drawing is fresh and good. On the other hand the action tends to platitude, containing as it does no emotional crises, no dramatic surprises, with the exception of the closing scene where the mysterious Dr. Tregenna, mesmerist and pseudo-brain specialist, is throttled by a half-witted patient.

FROM the opening episodes one rather anticipates a realistic play of modern society to contrast the life of Whitechapel with that of Mayfair. There are two capital illustrative scenes to that effect, one a rowdy mission meeting of costers and dock labourers invited to listen to a lecture on "will power" by a futile canon of the church, the other a brilliant ball given in a lordly West End mansion. Curiously enough, too, the doctor's patients whose function it is to serve as objects for the exercise of his will power are: the one a dock labourer, a drunken wife-beating brute, and the other a peer's daughter. But the first two acts serve merely as a starting point for the authors, *un tremplin*, as Zola puts it, *pour sauter dans le vide*. The rest is mesmerism and dreamland. Is Tregenna a charlatan or a pioneer of mental science? The authors have left us in doubt on this point, but for my part I am inclined to place him in the former category, the more so that Sir Henry Irving exerts himself to bring out the weird and mystic side of the character. It is difficult to realise the existence of such an institution as "The Retreat" at Hampstead, where the hypnotic hocus-pocus is carried on, and where, above all, the Satanic scheme is entered upon which forms the kernel of the plot. This is life *à la* Hichens. Tregenna has a grudge of old standing against Lord Belhurst, which he proceeds to pay off in truly diabolic fashion. The will power that cures mental maladies can create them. Upon the unhappy woman placed in his care Tregenna exercises all his devilish arts, with the result of rendering her insane, and he only desists on learning that his supposed enemy had unwittingly wronged him.

A STRANGE, fantastic play, which excites curiosity and even horror, but nothing in the way of sympathetic interest! It is not a play that women will care to see. Love is touched upon—the terrible doctor himself has loved and lost; but there is no love story, Miss Ellen Terry applying herself to the delineation of the somewhat "moony" condition of the peer's daughter. Mr. Mackintosh depicts an East

End Caliban, whose brutishness gives one a shudder; and Mr. Norman Forbes offers a clever sketch of a foolish parson. For the rest, the *dramatis personæ* consist of types of the East and the West—graphic enough, but illustrative rather than dramatic. The play must have a *succès de curiosité*. More I can hardly promise it.

WHILE the English drama of the day is sufficiently vigorous and workmanlike, if not as markedly literary as some well-wishers to the stage would desire, farce remains on a deplorably low level. It is as noisy, as empty, and not infrequently as vulgar as it was fifty years ago, sharing in none of the improvement that has marked most other kinds of piece since the days of T. W. Robertson. To be sure, Mr. Pinero did something for farce in the early part of his career when he wrote *The Magistrate*; but he has long abandoned the lighter vein, and the last state of this class of piece is as bad as the first. Only from French and, to a limited extent, German sources does farce reach us in tolerable form. With rare exceptions, like "A Brace of Partridges" (which consisted in a modernising of the "Comedy of Errors"), the humour of the home-made article is of a quality which, if it tickles the groundlings, makes the judicious grieve. The two most recent examples—"The Club Baby" at the Avenue, and "Shadows on the Blind" at Terry's—turn on the not very exhilarating question of the paternity of a foundling. Why a baby should invariably be regarded as a farcical subject it is not easy to say. But so it is, just as when advanced to the speaking stage it becomes a recognised adjunct of melodrama. In the Avenue piece a baby of unknown paternity is left at the door of a club, and at once becomes the theme of some very obvious joking on the part of the members. They adopt it as the "club-baby," and take turns at nursing it with the aid of its feeding-bottle, the member on duty donning a nurse's cap and apron for the purpose. Roars of laughter greet this playful fancy. Prompted by jealousy, the young wife of one of the members visits the club disguised in a man's dress clothes, and accompanied by a young lady friend similarly equipped. They attempt to smoke and drink. Whereat, more laughter. Then the father-in-law of the suspected member comes upon the scene, also disguised, and is supposed by the members of the club to be a lady; which again convulses the audience. Next the baby is raffled by the club and won by the father-in-law, who takes it home to his son's house, where it naturally provokes further misunderstanding; and eventually it is claimed as her own by a lady who has been prating a good deal about women's rights.

SUCH a story speaks for itself. Less offensive, because more dexterously handled, the same subject crops up at Terry's, the point of departure in this case being that the baby is left by mistake in the laboratory of an elderly professor of chemistry, who is, of course, at once accused by his wife and mother-in-law of being its father. Needless to say, the old

dreary round of suspicion and innuendo proper to this sort of piece is pursued until the vexed question of the paternity is satisfactorily cleared up, which, by the exercise of the faintest common sense on the part of any one person concerned, might be done at the beginning. Apart from the question of good taste, the characteristic of the foundling piece is that the fun has to be forced beyond the limits of reason. Everybody is thrown into a state of violent hurry-scurry; the smallest suggestion is caught at by the characters as a ground of fresh misunderstanding. Of the wit or the observation of character that marks the work of a Labiche, a Hennequin, or a Bisson there is not a scintilla. If he can get a quantity of barren spectators to guffaw, the author's aim is achieved. These farces are played by companies comprising in the one case Messrs. Lionel and Sydney Brough, Mr. W. T. Lovel, and Miss Vane Featherston; and in the other, Mr. Edward Terry and the Misses Esmé and Vera Berenger; all capable of much better work. The more's the pity!

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE.

SIR,—The publication of Mr. A. D. Godley's excellent translation of *Horace's Odes* naturally leads to a reperusal of the originals, and the reconsideration of supreme works of art invariably suggests that their beauties are inexhaustible and that criticism has never said its last word. The first Ode containing the dedication to Mæcenas has hitherto been regarded as a mere catalogue—however neatly expressed—of different pursuits engaged in by mankind which are isolated from one another except in so far as they are human pursuits, and in this way the point of view which connects them in the poet's mind is overlooked, and our idea of the unity of thought pervading the poem suffers accordingly. Some editors, indeed, have split up the Ode into stanzas of four lines each, without respect either to the sense or to the fact that it is written uniformly throughout in the lesser Asclepiad metre, each line being the rhythmical counterpart of all the others, and that, therefore, if we are to divide it into stanzas at all, the sense is our only guide. It is a sufficient condemnation of the arrangement in stanzas of four lines each which has been adopted by a few that the close of only two—or, at the most, three—of the stanzas coincides with the conclusion of a sentence. However, I hope to show that an arrangement in stanzas is both natural and indispensable, if we wish to appreciate the perfection of the poet's technique, by offering an alternative arrangement, notwithstanding the inconclusiveness of the previous attempt in this direction.

The first two lines contain the invocation of Mæcenas, and the last two contain the poet's wish. The rest of the Ode may be regarded as parenthetical. A review of the different pursuits of mankind terminates in a description of that of the poet himself, and thus breaks the abruptness of an immediate

statement of his ambition. We may thus take the last two lines as completing in the metrical system the stanza which the first two begin.

The parenthesis obviously separates into two main divisions, clearly indicated by the correspondence of "est qui" in l. 19, with "sunt quos" in l. 3. And if we follow the sense, the first of these divisions necessarily resolves itself into four stanzas of four lines each; the second, into one stanza of four lines, and two stanzas of six lines; each main division containing the same number of lines.

The significance of this arrangement will appear from the following analysis of the Ode:

(a) Invocation of Mæcenas, a prince by birth, and the poet's patron (ll. 1 and 2).

Parenthesis containing a review of different pursuits of mankind (ll. 3 to 34).

DIVISION I.—Pursuits involving effort, with a view to tangible or material objects, which the poet himself has not sought after.

Stanza (1). The chariot-race for the palm of victory.

Stanza (2). The pursuit of civic honours, and the acquisition of the products of distant lands (probably a reference to the pro-consulship).

Stanza (3). The manual cultivation of an ancestral farm as a means of livelihood.

Stanza (4). The career of a seafaring merchant whose stimulus is the dread of poverty.

DIVISION II.—Pursuits which are their own reward, irrespective of success, all of which the poet has followed in his time, and some of which his experience has led him to forsake.

Stanza (5). The enjoyment of leisure snatched during the intervals of business.

Stanza (6). The delight of military life with its blare of bugle and trumpet, from which even the horrors of war do not deter; the kindred pleasures of the chase apart from the question of success or failure, for l. 28 gives clearly an instance of the latter.

Stanza (7). The poet's own pursuit: poetry and the contemplation of Nature with the companionship of the Muses.

(b) The poet's wish (ll. 35 and 36).

That the lengthening of stanzas (6) and (7) is intentional is, I think, manifest from the careful parallelism of the style of their concluding clauses. The huntsman forgets his spouse if the stag has been sighted by the hounds, or if the boar has rent the nets; the poet disregards the crowd if Euterpe checks not the music of the flute or if Polyhymnia fails not to string the lyre. It may also be observed that the pursuits mentioned in stanza (6) are closely connected by the thought underlying "matribus detestata" and "conjugis ommemor," which is in each case identical, and precludes separation.

In conclusion, I may add that the arrangement I propose gives no support to Maclean's and Munro's view that we should place a full stop at the end of l. 5, and take "terrarum dominos" to signify the Romans as distinguished from the Greeks. It seems to me far more natural to take this expression as referring to "regibus" in the first line, the thought being that even princes,



"the lords of lands," have their ambitions, as we see from the records of the Olympic contests celebrated by the great lyric poet, Pindar.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED E. THISELTON.

April 16.

### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

CRITICS differ on Mr. Wyndham's conclusions; but they agree in their judgment of his manner and method. The *Daily Chronicle* says:

"With this edition of the 'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece,' and 'Sonnets,' Mr. George Wyndham takes a high place among Shakespearean scholars and critics. He has performed his editorial task exceedingly well, and his introduction is a really luminous and masterly piece of work."

Similarly the *Athenæum*:

"Most valuable work has been done by Mr. Wyndham in this tercentenary commemoration of the first formal criticism of Shakespeare's poems by Meres. Too many nowadays rush into print and darken counsel by a multiplicity of comment, after a short paddle on the margin of the ocean of Shakespearean literature. But Mr. Wyndham has sailed over its wide expanse, has dived into its depths, and brought back treasures worthy to be prized."

*Literature's* comment is almost identical:

"This is a scholarly, painstaking, and interesting contribution to Shakespearean literature. So much rubbish in the form of fads, baseless hypotheses, speculative fancies, and idle paradoxes has lately been imported into that literature that it is quite a pleasant surprise to come upon an editor and commentator who is content with the humble distinction of being sensible and honest, of thinking more about the elucidation of his author than about his own glory as an ingenious theorist. To this praise—and in our opinion it is high praise—Mr. Wyndham is fully entitled. His knowledge is ample and accurate, and, what is more, pertinent and discriminating, his tone is temperate, his judgment is, generally speaking, sound, holding the scales very evenly when dealing with conflicting evidence and conflicting opinions, and with the many problems and questions *adhuc sub judice* which confront us at every turn in such a subject as Shakespeare's poems."

The *Westminster Gazette's* critic goes to the length of writing:

"Criticism so just, so moderate, and yet so persuasive and so appreciative as is to be found in the introduction of Mr. George Wyndham's edition to Shakespeare's poems is almost uncanny. There are moments when we could wish that Mr. Wyndham might commit some indiscretion, if only the error of a date or a misquotation, or betray some fad such as most editors of Shakespeare have secretly entertained. Mr. Wyndham never gratifies us. As a critic he hits the golden mean between pedantry and gush. He is as learned, or appears so, as any German on all the curious questions which have gathered round the Sonnets, and yet he can brush them all aside and approach the poems as poetry pure and simple."

But the same critics make deductions from their praise of Mr. Wyndham's work. The *Daily Chronicle's* does not entirely accept his transcendental theory of the inspiration of the Poems and Sonnets:

"His desire to make Shakespeare in the

poems a conscious and deliberate metaphysician betrays Mr. Wyndham into one of the very few extravagances of interpretation contained in this volume. 'The phrase *genio Socratem*,' he says, 'applied to him in the epitaph on his monument, attests his fondness for Platonic theories.' This monument doth attest too much, methinks."

*Literature* quotes the following as one of Mr. Wyndham's very occasional lapses into "precious nonsense":

"Works of perfect art are the tombs in which artists lay to rest the passions they would fain make immortal. The more perfect their execution, the longer does the sepulchre endure, the sooner does the passion perish. Only where the hand has faltered do ghosts of love and anguish still complain. In the most of his Sonnets Shakespeare's hand does not falter."

The charge of preciosity is also gently preferred by the *Westminster Gazette*:

"Mr. Wyndham's style tends a little to the precious. It is difficult for a writer to steep himself in this period without infecting his own writing with archaisms. So we get occasional relapses into 'tis-ing and 'twas-ing, and a more frequent use of the pronoun 'you' than is quite to our taste. But when Mr. Wyndham forgets himself and becomes possessed of his subject, he can be forcible, natural, and vigorous."

Two critics, those of the *Athenæum* and *Literature*, complain of Mr. Wyndham's treatment of the text—modernising the spelling, banishing capitals, &c.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, May 5.

THEOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, &c.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT: LITERARY PASSAGES FROM THE BIBLE RE-WITTEN, IDEA FOR IDEA, IN MODERN STYLE. Book I. Sampson Low.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. By John Keble. With Notes by Walter Lock, D.D. Methuen & Co. 2s.

FOUR LECTURES ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GOSPELS. By the Rev. J. H. Wilkinson, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE CONFLICTS OF METHODISM, 1827-1852. By Benjamin Gregory, D.D. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

AIDS TO THE STUDENT OF THE HOLY BIBLE. With Illustrations Selected and Described by the Rev. C. J. Ball, M.A. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS: THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, 1698-1898. By W. O. B. Allen, M.A., and Edmund McClure, M.A. S.P.C.K.

THE HITTITES AND THEIR LANGUAGE. By C. R. Conder, Lieut.-Col. R.E. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

THE ROMANCE OF A REGIMENT, 1713-1740. By J. R. Hutchinson, B.A. Sampson Low.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

ÆSCHYLÆ TRAGŒDIÆ. Edited by Lewis Campbell, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 5s.

THE CID BALLADS, AND OTHER POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS FROM SPANISH AND GERMAN. By the late James Young Gibson. Second edition. Kegan Paul. 12s.

THE SPECTATOR. In eight volumes. Vol. VI. John C. Nimmo.

RIZZIO: AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY. By David Graham. A. Constable & Co. 5s.

LOVE SONGS AND ELEGIES. By Manmohan Ghose. Elkin Mathews. 1s.

DANTE'S TEN HEAVENS: A STUDY OF THE PARADISO. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. Archibald Constable & Co. 12s.

MORE LAW LYRICS. By Robert Bird. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 3s.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE FIRST PHILOSOPHIES OF GREECE. By Arthur Fairbanks. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

A NORTHERN HIGHWAY OF THE TSAR. By Aubyn Trevor-Battye. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY AND THE MASHONALAND FIELD FORCE, 1896. By Brevet Lieut.-Col. F. S. H. Alderson. Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d.

STARK'S GUIDE-BOOK AND HISTORY OF BRITISH GUIANA. By James Rodway and James H. Stark (Boston, U.S.A.).

EDUCATIONAL.

HANDBOOK OF LATIN INSCRIPTIONS, ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE. By W. M. Lindsay, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

ELEMENTARY GENERAL SCIENCE. By A. T. Simmons, B.Sc., and Lionel M. Jones, B.Sc. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

FIRST STAGE OF MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By R. H. Jude, M.A. W. B. Clive. 2s.

L'AVARE: MOLIÈRE'S COMEDY IN FRENCH. Annotated by W. G. Isbister, B.A., and A. Garnand. Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEEN. Books II. and III. Edited by Kate M. Warren. Archibald Constable & Co. 1s. 6d. each.

FRENCH SELF-TAUGHT: WITH PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION. By C. A. Themin, F.R.G.S. E. Marlborough & Co.

PITMAN'S PRACTICAL FRENCH GRAMMAR AND CONVERSATION FOR SELF-TUITION. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd. 1s.

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FRENCH AND GERMAN READINGS: VOYAGE AUTOUR DE MA CHAMBRE. By Xavier de Maistre. With Notes by G. Eugène Fasnacht. Macmillan & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GRAPHIC ART OF THE ESKIMOS. By Walter James Hoffman, M.D. Government Printing Office (Washington, U.S.A.).

HARVARD STUDIES IN CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY. Vol. VIII. Ginn & Co. (Boston, U.S.A.).

MARCHING BACKWARD. By Ernest Edwin Williams. Ward, Lock & Co.

THE EMPIRE RECITER. The Sunday School Union. 1s.

HISTORY OF CORN MILLING. Vol. I.: HANDSTONES, SLAVE, AND CATTLE MILLS. By Richard Bennett and John Elton. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

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